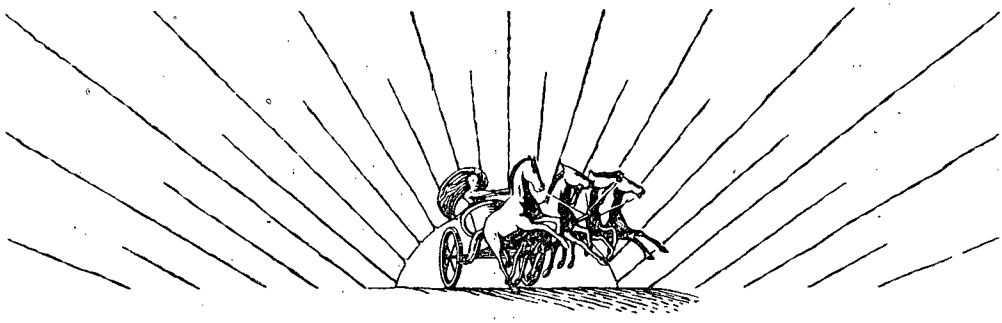

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

March 13, 1926

ON THE EVE OF DISARMAMENT. On what grounds does the author base his charge that America is the most highly militarized country in the world today? Mention three important dangers elsewhere to disarmament. Why are Genoa, Rapallo, and San Remo cited in this connection?

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES. Explain the reasons for the success of *The Economic Consequences of the Peace.* Explain: 'a blind and deaf Don Quixote,' 'Barmecide feasts,' 'a modern Aristides.'

THE FASCISTI AND THE INTELLECTUALS. What objectives are more important in Italy than intellectual freedom? Who was the 'greatest Fascist'?

PLAGIARISM. When is the use of another author's ideas or inventions justifiable? Who were Monk Lewis, Robert Greene, George Sand, Robert Lytton, Robert Burton? Cite any other examples you may know, of legitimate and illegitimate borrowing in literature.

C. M. DOUGHTY. Give a brief account of the chief events in Doughty's life. What are some of the literary qualities of his great book?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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Next Week

A STORMY SESSION *From the Hungarian Press Gallery*

Parliamentary proceedings can be as lively in Budapest as in Paris, as is shown by this report of the session at which the Deputies debated the appointment of a legislative committee to investigate the great counterfeiting scandal.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE CHINESE WHIRLPOOL

Is the recent struggle between rival militarists in the North of China merely a cloak for the renewal of conflict there between Russia and Japan? Three of these militarists set forth their purposes in 'open letters'; a German observer describes Feng's capture of Tientsin; and a Japanese physician, resident in Mukden, narrates the defeat of Kuo Sung-lin.

HOW THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT MOVED TO MOSCOW *By V. D. Bonch-Bruevich*

An account of the trek from Petrograd by the former head of the Extraordinary Commission popularly known as the Cheka. Moving a capital overnight, the author demonstrates, is not the simplest task in the world.

A CONRAD HEROINE IN REAL LIFE *By Léonie Villard*

One of the characters in *Suspense* had her parallel in a real woman who lived both in England and France during the confused days of the Napoleonic period, and had adventures not unlike those in Conrad's unfinished posthumous novel.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *MARCH 13, 1926* — NO. 4262

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

INTRA-LEAGUE POLITICS

WELL-INFORMED opinion in France probably favors the Locarno Pact whole-heartedly, and would observe it in the spirit in which it was conceived. But a reactionary and vociferous minority is not only hostilely skeptical regarding that agreement, as are chauvinists in other parts of Europe, but is trying aggressively to prevent its success. This group has been unexpectedly favored by a new controversy over the proposal to enlarge the League Council when Germany is admitted.

This proposal is regarded in many quarters as a bit of international sharp-dealing of the sort not practised among gentlemen in private life. No suggestion of such a measure was whispered at the time of the Locarno negotiations, nor was such a plan mooted seriously when a majority of the German Parties voted to endorse the Pact. But since then the wind has shifted. Poland, whose history and geography make her an international *enfant terrible* despite herself, never favored the Locarno settlement and does not want Germany in the League Council on any terms; Italy is just now having a crisis of anti-Teutonism; and M. Briand, harassed by a domestic crisis, may not be averse to raising a diplomatic issue likely to have a popular appeal with the masses. Furthermore, Sir Austen Chamberlain is regarded as the most pro-French Foreign Minister that Great Britain has had since the War — a reputation that handicapped the Cabinet even before the project of enlarging the Council began to attract public attention.

But now that the Northern Powers, which are a unit in international policy, have pronounced as emphatically as Germany herself against enlarging the Council, British opinion has rallied overwhelmingly to their support. Even Czechoslovakia and her associates in the Little Entente, while formally approving, are not gratified at the prospect of seeing Poland thus exalted. Confessional jealousies enter into the controversy; for this issue divides squarely the Protestant from the Roman Catholic Powers — even though France, under a Radical ministry, is a Catholic Power *cum grano salis*. More or less confessional jealousy has always

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prevailed at Geneva. Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary of the League, although an Englishman, is a Catholic convert, while the League headquarters are in Calvinist Geneva. Among the ramifications of this alleged intriguing is rumored to be a project to transfer the seat of the Disarmament Conference, and eventually the headquarters of the League, 'to some French city,' ostensibly on account of Russia's hostility to Switzerland.

The present line-up on the Latin-Roman Catholic side is thus summarized by the diplomatic correspondent of the Conservative London *Daily Telegraph:* —

1. Countries which have special military pacts with France: Belgium, Poland, and Czechoslovakia.

2. Latin States which have cultural and sentimental affinities with France: Brazil and Spain. The latter may now be regarded as an ally of France, in view of their cooperation in Morocco.

3. Such countries as are represented on the League Council by their ambassadors and ministers accredited to France. At this moment no fewer than four out of the existing ten seats on the League Council come under this head. Their occupants are Japan, Spain, Brazil, and Uruguay, and with the exception of Japan they almost invariably elect to see the main European problems, which do not directly affect the interests of the countries in question, through Paris spectacles. The adoption of a different line might impair the success of the diplomats concerned in the fulfillment of their normal diplomatic functions.

The point may be raised whether the creation of any such majority on the Council is really a matter of importance, since all the most important decisions require unanimity. The reply is: —

1. That it is very difficult in practice for one or two countries to stand out indefinitely against the rest.

2. That questions of procedure are decided by a majority, and are often enough of a very vital character.

3. That the enlargement of the Council on the lines indicated would make it possible to amend the unanimity procedure, and enable majority decisions to be given in certain cases of the highest importance — cases of peace or war, as was proposed under the 1924 Geneva Protocol, to which France, Czechoslovakia, and others are still endeavoring to revert by indirect means.

It is not difficult to see how a Latin-Western Slav Coalition, altogether apart from Germany and German problems, could place Great Britain and Sweden, with, say, on some occasions, Belgium or Japan, in a kind of perpetual and hopeless minority. This would be intolerable, considering the population, resources, and civilization of the British Empire, and the extent to which it contributes, both spiritually and materially, to the maintenance of the League. Moreover, this enlarged Council would aggravate the existing oligarchical tendencies of the present Council, by threatening to eliminate more than ever the wider and more representative and democratic League Assembly, which is being daily more shorn of its powers. The British Dominions are all members of the Assembly. They should be entitled to a seat in rotation on any enlarged Council.

J. L. Garvin, voicing Liberal sentiment, is equally explicit: —

At present the influence of France at Geneva is altogether preponderant. The united influence of the English-speaking peoples created the League and was at first decisive. The withdrawal of the United States made the League, with its large South American cohort, much more a Latin affair. Germany, as a matter of course, must receive a permanent seat on the Council like the other nations called Great Powers in the old language of war mentality. The French Government has desired apparently to strengthen its hold by introducing two or three new votes — those of Poland, Spain, and perhaps Brazil — to nullify or diminish Germany's expected share of influence. This sort of pre-war statecraft is death to the spirit of Locarno. . . . But in fact a heavier responsibility rests on Britain and France. We

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cannot believe that at this moment they will bring into the Council another Power or Powers as a deliberate counterpoise to Germany. If they did that, they would 'keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope.' By destroying the grace of Locarno they would violate its spirit and their moral repute would sink in the eyes of the world.

To be sure, the better-balanced French press endeavors to combat these British interpretations. *Le Temps* says: —

British papers pretend to discover in this eventuality a sombre complot of the Powers friendly to France to undermine British influence. The German thesis is that to give any other Power a permanent seat in the Council would be to cheat her, and to force her to reconsider her whole attitude toward League membership in view of the new situation thus created. This double campaign starts from an absolutely false understanding of the case. There has never been any suggestion of arraying one group of nations against another in the League. That would be the negation of all that has been done at Geneva, which is based on the theory of sincere international collaboration.

Le Temps then proceeds to argue that as the membership of the League has increased from forty-one nations to forty-five nations since it was organized the Council should be correspondingly enlarged.

Le Figaro, however, is far franker. After developing the thesis that Germany proposes to employ the League as an instrument to revise the Versailles Treaty, it says: —

Knowing what Germany has in mind, it is our duty to checkmate her. Three precautions are necessary: (*a*) To change the composition of the League of Nations Council. Since Germany is to have a permanent seat, we ought to restore its equilibrium by giving a permanent seat to Poland. It is equally to our interest to support the claims of Spain and of Brazil. (*b*) We should repeal, at least in certain cases, the provision requiring a unanimous vote of the Council. (*c*) We should keep a careful eye on the reappointment of the League's Permanent Staff, which occurs the present year. We already know that the politicians at Berlin are scheming actively for League positions.

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BUSINESS OPINION ABROAD

AMERICA looms large in the business horoscope of Great Britain and the Continent. Sir Allan Smith, chairman of the Engineering and Allied Employers Federation of the former country, made a sensational speech early in February at a private conference between employers and trade-unions, which was reported at length in the *Manchester Guardian*. He said that the United States had invested within twelve months over $100,000,000 in German State and municipal securities, and nearly $200,000,000 in German industrial issues. This flow of investment to Germany was creating economic ties between the two countries quite as strong as any political alliance. We are left to infer that, however gingerly the Senate may avoid international entanglements, we are already entrapped by Europe in a network of gold and — shall we say? — steel. Both are implied in Sir Allan Smith's address: —

There is a deliberate attempt to-day by America to control the manufacture of pig-iron in Europe. She has invested to such an extent in German and French pig-iron concerns that she will be able to rig the market against this country and compel us to purchase our pig-iron at the price that she may fix for the sale of pig-iron in Europe. Now it is a curious thing that at the instigation of a Frenchman who is known to some of you, who was for a short time recently Minister of Finance, the League of Nations has been induced to set up an Economic Council for the purpose of considering really this particular point, and the position we have to look forward to is this — we shall either have to join the

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Continent in fighting this monopoly or we shall have to join America and make an arrangement with her against the Continental production of pig-iron, or, on the other hand, we shall have to stand alone and be shot at both by the Continental people and by the American market-speculators.

Sir Allan also emphasized the increase in our engineering-exports. But the London *Statist* questions our ability to command a foreign market for either iron or steel, because our ore deposits are far away from our coal-mines and because all our costs of production are increasing. 'To assemble the materials to make a ton of pig-iron at a typical American blast furnace costs ten dollars. That fully equals the total transport cost on a ton of our finished steel at a shipping port — the inclusive cost for assembling the raw materials and then carrying the products to a port.' It declares that, in spite of the tariff and ocean freights, European steel is being sold in the United States cheaper than American steel. 'America occupied third position in exports before the war, Germany being first, and France second. She now occupies a very poor fifth position after France, Britain, Germany, and Belgium. . . . But for the important trade with her near neighbor, Canada, America's figures would be very much smaller.'

The German press emphasizes another aspect of the growing community of economic interest between its country and the United States. *Kölnische Zeitung* says: 'It is the talk in Berlin that Germany is to have the opportunity to serve as a middleman on a very large scale between America and Russia. The financing of business with Russia is a burning question. . . . *Izvestia* discussed at great length in a recent issue the influence of American capital in the large German banks, arguing that the United States, after getting control of German finance, will extend its investments heavily in German industrial enterprises. . . . But its silly assumption, inspired by Russia's hatred of England, that America is thus fortifying a strategic flank against her future enemy, Great Britain, should be promptly squelched as a clumsy attempt to make trouble between Germany and the Anglo-Saxon Powers. It is quite likely, however, that American capitalists actually plan to help German industry to extend its activities in Russia.'

Turning to less conjectural aspects of business conditions abroad, a German correspondent of the London *Economist* discusses the remarkably wide spread between retail and wholesale prices in Germany since the stabilization of the currency. He attributes this phenomenon to several causes. During the period of inflation the rapid depreciation of the currency made merchants calculate a very large margin of profit, often well over one hundred per cent. That was a habit that died slowly. Moreover, many ex-army officers, and people of the 'genteel classes' who had lost their incomes through the depreciation of the currency, set up small shops which, in order to live, had to make a high rate of profit. These inexperienced newcomers, who, under normal conditions, would have been eliminated in short order by the operation of competition, survived because the habit of wild buying acquired during the inflation period persisted for a time after the country returned to a sound currency basis. The present carnival of bankruptcy is largely explained by the retarded collapse of these small firms and of larger enterprises organized in a somewhat analogous manner.

Meanwhile the Turin correspondent of the same paper has these cheery words to say of Italy's economic recovery: —

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A strong dollar-reserve was built up in the United States by means of the one hundred million dollars loan, and, so far from exhausting it in artificial endeavors to maintain the present rate of exchange, it appears from authoritative sources that the net balance of international payments has made it possible for Italy to reimburse the previous 50 millions Morgan credit and to increase the fund at the disposal of the Treasury to a figure estimated at from 150 to 175 million dollars. The adverse commercial balance from a monthly average of 976 million lire decreased to 273 millions in the five months from July to November. Crops were good, especially wheat, whose yield of 6,560,000 tons compares very favorably with the 4,630,000 of 1924, so that imports will not be so great as in past years. Industry is developing at a rapid pace, as can be gauged from the increase of electrical energy sold, from 4357 million ettowatt-hours in the first nine months of 1924 to 4789 millions in the corresponding period of 1925, and from the increase of coal imports from 6,816,109 tons in 1924 to 7,862,577 tons in 1925 (eleven months' figures are given for both years). Unemployment is almost over: 112,059 were wholly unemployed at November 30, 1925, against 135,785 at the same date of 1924, and 280,775 at January 31, 1924; half-timers sank to the negligible figure of 4855 individuals. Industrial bulletins report the impossibility of accepting orders that are coming, and the first declarations hint at a general increase of dividends by the joint-stock companies.

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MOROCCO SPECULATIONS

It is not unlikely that the unsettled military situation in France's Syrian mandate and in her Morocco protectorate will play a part in the coming disarmament discussions. The conduct, military and diplomatic, of both campaigns has been under more or less discussion in the Paris press all winter, notwithstanding public preoccupation with questions nearer home. *Le Figaro* pleads for a firm understanding with Spain before active operations are resumed this spring. It believes that Abd-el-Krim, as he has done since the article was printed, by capturing the important French outpost of Biban, if allowed to take the initiative, may achieve initial successes that will revive his prestige among the natives, and urges prompt, decisive, and united action by the armies of the two Powers to anticipate this. Briand's blunt rejection of Abd-el-Krim's alleged overtures for peace last winter suggests that he has some such plan in mind. But the political and financial situation in Spain hardly favors such whole-hearted coöperation. An influential section of the army is jealous of French military precedence in the proposed operations, and the whole Morocco enterprise is unpopular with the Spanish people and with the soldiers. More than that, Spain wants Tangier, which she considers the logical capital of her zone of influence in North Africa — a desire that neither France nor Great Britain will gratify.

The French forces in Morocco at their maximum numbered 150,000 men; but 40,000 of these, consisting principally of white troops, have been withdrawn during the winter. Even with this reduced establishment, the Morocco campaign is adding two hundred million francs a month to France's ordinary military budget. Facing this army and its Spanish allies, according to *Journal des Débats*, are 28,000 Riffian rifles and in the neighborhood of 32,000 other tribesmen from the Spanish zone. To these should be added some 20,000 Morocco warriors from the French zone who have flocked to the Riffian leader's banner. These forces are still well supplied with arms and munitions for mountain warfare, their principal privation being short rations.

Although popular opposition to the Morocco campaign is not as keen in

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France as it was a year ago, M. Briand is vigorously criticized by some of his own supporters for rejecting Abd-el-Krim's peace proffers. *Le Quotidien*, one of the liveliest and most popular of the Radical journals, condemns this refusal as follows: —

Last July, when we sent our proposals to Abd-el-Krim, we did not make them conditional. We did not say: 'They are good for fifteen days or three weeks. After that they will be harsher.' Nothing of that sort was specified. We made no reserves whatsoever. The French Government is an honest government. It must keep its word even to an enemy. It must keep its word to its own soldiers, who have fought with these terms in mind.

MINOR NOTES

We alluded in our last issue to the academic censorship established by Oxford University upon its Communist students. According to a leader in the *Manchester Guardian* condemning this attempt to control private opinion as both reactionary and futile, the pledge exacted reads as follows: —

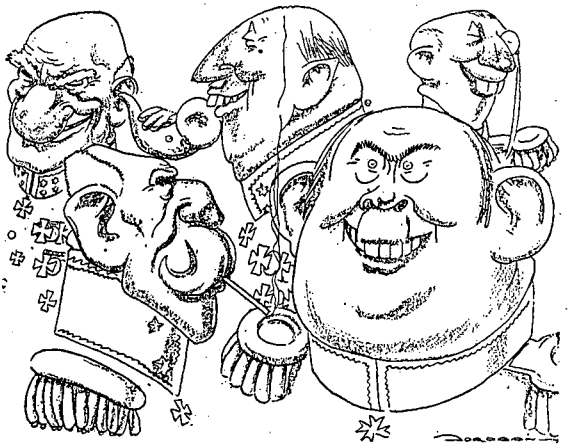
I solemnly promise that so long as I am a resident member of Oxford University I will hold no communication, direct or indirect, with any organized Communist association, and that I will not endeavor to propagate Communist ideas either directly or indirectly.

According to the census just completed, the population of Japan proper is just under sixty millions. Including Formosa, Sakhalin, and Korea, there are over eighty-three millions under the banner of the Rising Sun. The largest city in the Empire is Osaka, with 2,115,000. Tokyo comes next, with just under two million. The neighboring and nearly adjoining cities of Osaka and Kobe together have nearly 2,800,000 inhabitants, while Tokyo and Yokohama, which occupy a similar relation to each other, have a little over 2,400,000. Nagoya, the third-largest city in Japan, has 768,000 inhabitants.

GERMANY SETTLES WITH THE HOHENZOLLERNS

Carrying the Dole to the Unemployed. — *Izvestia*, Moscow

INTELLIGENCE TESTS



The Netherlands General Staff — *Notenkraker*, Amsterdam

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WHY NOT A COOLIDGE DOCTRINE?[1]

A BRITISH APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT

AMERICA as a nation moves slowly. To prove this one has only to watch her supercautious progress in the matter of peace and international coöperation. But, though the pace is slow, it is sure. The happy action of the Senate in giving by an overwhelming majority its assent — with reservations, no doubt, but reservations not meant to wreck — to the statute creating the World Court of International Justice, and the cordial acceptance by the President of the invitation issued by Geneva to take part in the new Disarmament Conference, show that America is not only moving, but moving steadily, in the right direction. Although this is greatly to the good, we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that there are still great difficulties to be overcome before America pulls her weight in the boat as at heart, we are sure, she earnestly desires to do.

What is preventing this greatly-to-be-desired result? What is it that hampers the full development of the true internationalism, impedes the cause of peace, and vetoes the building up of a sound system for regulating the relations between States? What is it that prevents it being universally agreed that the *ultima ratio* shall be, not the Sword of War, but the Scales of Justice? The answer is: *Misunderstanding*. With the exception of the British Empire, the nations have failed to understand America's attitude, or rather have made up their minds that she is actively hostile to the cause represented by the League of Nations. Some of them even go so far as to think that America's failure to join the League, and her reluctance — as it is imagined to be — to show sympathy with the elimination of war as a means of settling disputes, are due to some dark and sinister though undisclosed motive. Inflamed by summaries of the florid orations of irresponsible politicians, they hold that America is aiming at universal dominion. She means, it is thought, first to flood the world with her motor-cars, her beef, her corn, and her steel, and then to assume a virtual dictatorship by physical force over the pacified, disarmed, and helpless nations of Europe and Asia!

This picture of the American menace is so fantastic and so unreal that it is difficult to take it seriously. Yet it must so be taken if it is to be removed. Otherwise the fact that a majority of the American people think their own good and peaceful intentions so obvious that it is needless to insist upon them publicly may have a disastrous effect upon the best interests of mankind.

The need of the moment is to find the means of making the European Powers realize that America has good, not bad, intentions. The next need is to convince them that all that is wanted from America by way of assistance to the cause of peace can be quite well obtained from her without demanding that she shall join the League and bind herself by its Covenant. America will not do that. Too great and too

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *February* 6

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unhappy was the prejudice created by Mr. Wilson's headstrong and egotistical efforts to drive a sensitive horse through a narrow gate by the methods of hurry and coercion. There are, in fact, two panics to allay — America's panic that she is still in danger of being 'rushed' into the League against her will, and Europe's panic that America is determined to play a cynical part and to foster a new type of Imperialism under the pretense of isolation.

In our opinion the way to clear up the misunderstandings is for the President to do what under the Constitution he has a perfect right to do, and what personally and temperamentally he is well fitted to do — that is, to tell Washington and the world, speaking *urbi et orbi* at once, in the cool and clear accents of which he is a master, what doctrine of international action has been adopted by his Government. It would be, of course, a doctrine in which the vast majority of Americans might be relied upon to put their trust.

The greatest thing in American politics, next to the actual provisions of the Constitution, is the Monroe Doctrine. That memorable statement, as the word 'doctrine' shows, is not a promise of particular action, but the laying down of a principle. The Monroe Doctrine, the world is told, guides America's international relations. Yet, in spite of its abstract and negative character, and the fact that no European Power ever officially accepted or endorsed it, the Doctrine is now regarded universally, if grudgingly, as a law that cannot be challenged.

In America herself the Monroe Doctrine is looked upon as of supreme importance. That which in form was the mere *obiter dictum* of the White House; that which the Senate never sanctioned; that which the State Department at its first promulgation did not force upon the attention of Foreign Powers; that which was originally suggested by an alien statesman, though one of kindred race — has become part of the foundation of the Union. The Monroe Doctrine for nearly one hundred years has enabled the rest of the world to know exactly what can and what cannot be done in matters that concern America.

And now for our specific suggestion. It is that President Coolidge — presumably in a special Message to Congress — might openly inform the Powers what is America's attitude toward the eternal problem of 'the last resort.' It is not for us to put words into his mouth. To do so would not only be an impertinence; it would be to attempt something which Mr. Coolidge would do better than any other statesman.

We will only say that the Coolidge Doctrine that we desire would in the first place make it clear that America stands apart from the League, not because she is unsympathetic to its aims, but because she thinks that in the special circumstances she is better outside. What the building of the League wants most, and what America knows best how to supply, is not a new chapel, but a buttress. But buttresses never enter the building; they do their essential work from outside. Therefore the Coolidge Doctrine might lay down a fact which is clear to all Americans, but which is unknown to the Continent of Europe. It is that wherever there is a breaker of the peace, one who refuses to recognize the sanctity of a treaty contract between Powers, contemplating the settlement of disputes by physical force instead of by judicial arbitrament, there America sees an enemy to mankind. On the other hand, wherever she finds a follower of peace, a fulfiller of pledges and treaties, a nation anxious to reduce armaments and to rely upon right and not might, there she recognizes a friend and fellow worker.

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ON THE EVE OF DISARMAMENT![1]

BY M. VOINA

[To-day, when all currents in international affairs are headed so strongly toward peace, it is natural that war prophets should be confined to the Bolsheviki, whose hope of world revolution is largely contingent upon new hostilities. No article like the following has appeared in a responsible journal outside of the Bolshevist press for many months. The author's purely technical citations, of course, are entirely unassociated with responsible international policy.]

We are betraying no secret in saying that the movement for a disarmament conference started in the United States, and that Washington has exercised powerful pressure to bring such a conference to pass. Every sharp-sighted man sees America's game. She seeks to use her economic supremacy to establish a corresponding military supremacy over the other nations. Therefore a disarmament conference will aim at limiting the armaments of other countries in comparison with those of America. In other words, such a conference from the United States's point of view will be an instrument for augmenting her political influence to a par with her economic influence. Thus, seen in its true light, the coming meeting of the Powers is not for the purpose of eliminating conflicts, but for the purpose of strengthening imperialism and thereby eventually aggravating conflicts.

But the fact that America has expressed the wish for disarmament, although her motives are so clear, is seized upon by amiable and innocent Socialists, as well as by bourgeois pacifists, to laud America as the fairy godmother of peace. Wonderful theories are spun about the industrial self-sufficiency of the United States. Being possessed of all the blessings of the earth, she is said to have no motive for imperialist expansion. Germany's Social Democratic pundits declare that American imperialism has reached its natural limits. At least, they all agree as to America's pacifist intentions. Therefore it may not be entirely useless, without quoting figures, which are invariably unreliable, to describe America's military preparations, which show that, quite contrary to popular opinion, that country has to-day the most skillfully organized military organization in the world.

We can gather abundant proof of this from official sources. Assistant-Secretary Davis of the War Department published an article in the *American Machinist* recently upon industrial preparation, in which he described the measures taken by the United States to avoid defeat in the next war. Early this year the same gentleman said in a speech at Philadelphia that America's regular army is merely the nucleus of her first line; that the country can in a very short time put four million men on a war footing. The most important feature of the National Defense Act is the emphasis it lays upon industrial mobilization. In looking over this Act

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we are reminded of Marx's saying that war constantly assumes new forms, according to the social organization of the country that conducts it. American industry would pass at once under Government control upon the outbreak of war. Thus Secretary Davis says in effect: The law recognizes the dependence of effective military action upon industrial mobilization, and also that the industrial experts upon whom we shall have to depend for carrying out our industrial-war preparations are normally to be found in industry itself, and not in the army.

Industry as a whole is placed in charge of seven centres of control, one of which is the Chemical Warfare Service, another the Engineering Corps, another the Aviation Service, another the Medical Corps, and so on. The first three questions these seven departments must settle among themselves are: what shall be produced, how much, and when and where.

An elaborate plan has been drafted for mobilizing all the able-bodied men in the country. The rifles, ammunition, and other equipment and supplies for the soldiers assigned to each branch of the fighting service have been calculated. Prospective requirements of all other commodities and articles have been estimated. In this way a schedule of no less than fourteen thousand different kinds of supplies required for maintaining a great army in the field has been drawn up. The whole country is divided into fourteen districts, in each of which the seven departments mentioned have their respective branches. Every factory in each district is listed and classified so that its output will be known beforehand in case of mobilization. In an emergency, the War Department would merely dispatch a few thousand telegrams, and every important manufacturer in the United States would simply take out of his filing-case his production list, his drawings and specifications, and start to work. Naturally all of these products have been standardized. Forty-three committees exist to see that necessary raw materials are supplied promptly to the factories in question.

This is in outline the plan by which American industry would be transformed overnight into a State-Socialist organization, were war to break out. Mighty little evidence of the pacific intentions of the American nation is visible here. It strikes us that this scheme would make the capitalists the commanders of the next war, instead of its servants, and that we have here the spectre of a tremendous future conflict that will make the catastrophe of 1914–1918 look like child's play.

Furthermore, the real character of the coming disarmament conference is suggested by the fact that it has such difficulty in starting. It has to wait until bitter animosities and menacing portents all the way from North Africa to China have been dissipated. Russia's participation, which was an alleged reason for the last postponement, is a transparent pretext. If the Great Powers really wanted to disarm and to ensure the peace of the world for all time to come, they could meet to-morrow at Genoa, Rapallo, San Remo, or any other equally pleasant spot where diplomats can dine and wine agreeably under the palm trees in the wintertime. As a matter of fact, conflicts of interest and the fear felt by weaker nations that they will be 'bunkoed' by stronger nations are what have hitherto postponed the conference.

I do not mean that a conference will not be held. Why not? What matters is that a conference cannot prevent imperialist wars; that it will merely aggravate existing conflicts and in the long run encourage a new armaments-race. Already we hear proposals to

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modify the decision of the Washington Conference of 1921. Rumania, through her official military journal *Romania Militaria*, opposes making further pledges like those at Washington. In the August number she demands that Rumania build a navy as rapidly as possible, in order to face a new conference with an accomplished fact; and in the September number she insists that the Washington resolutions upon submarine warfare be amended 'to consult the interests of particular countries.'

The same spirit expresses itself in the new Japanese naval programme, which is remarkably ambitious — 'four new nineteen-thousand-ton cruisers, nineteen large destroyers, nineteen mine-layers,' and so on. This programme is clearly designed to compensate for the Washington limitations by proportionally strengthening the navy in other directions.

The dispute between Great Britain and America over cruiser and submarine construction, which became so acute that the British Foreign Minister was impelled to offer a loving-cup to the German Ambassador in London, is all in line with this.

Another straw on the current is the new bill before the Parliament of Czechoslovakia providing for the military training of youths. Nothing shows the real hollowness of the disarmament fraud better than this movement. Czechoslovakia proposes to disarm. She plans to reduce her period of military service to 'only fourteen months.' At the same time the Government brings in a bill to force all young men of the ages of nineteen and twenty to take military instruction for two years, so that they will be partially trained soldiers when they begin their compulsory service. Disarmament by lengthening the period of military instruction!

It is nonsense, of course, to imagine that these evasions and violations of the pacifist programme are mere accidents, or merely aberrations in a movement that is, on the whole, making real headway. On several occasions the Great Powers — the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy — have solemnly agreed not to use poisonous gases in a future war, but to stick to their old tried and tested high-explosive shells and similar more humane devices. This solemn pledge was renewed only a year ago. Nevertheless we hear on every side of plans to use poison gas in defiance of this pledge when war breaks out. This attitude is of crucial significance, for it shows that all such conferences are held merely to delude and stupify the proletariat, but that when the crisis comes all these solemn pledges will prove to be mere scraps of paper like the Belgian Neutrality Treaty.

Naturally everybody argues against the use of poison gas in the next war, because it is the most fearful lethal weapon in existence, capable of wiping out a hostile army in a moment and of depopulating the whole country behind the front. But at the same time we are told that we ought to use poison gas in the next war because it is the most humane weapon we can employ. That is the discovery of certain bourgeois professors — a tribe of sycophants that is, on the whole, the most contemptible of all the apologists and bootlickers of capitalism.

This latest gospel comes to us from pacifist America, the country that all our semibourgeois trade-union leaders hold up to us as a model for the world to follow. For instance, we read in the *Military Surgeon*, the official organ of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, in the issue of November 1925, an article upon the humanity of gas warfare, where it is demonstrated at length that, although

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breathing poison gas may not be preferable to a vacation at a health resort, it is a far more desirable mode of death than a man usually meets with on the battlefield. 'It can be confidently asserted that the use of chemicals in warfare is far more humane than that of the other weapons commonly employed.'

A French surgeon and professor of the Academy of Medicine, writing in *Figaro* last July to justify France for using poison gas against the Moors in the Rif, — after that country had solemnly pledged itself at Washington not to use this weapon, — protested: 'We are the victims of mischievous errors and ridiculous prejudices. In reality, gas warfare is exceptionally humane — *douce!!!* — so far as anything can be humane in war. It alone enables us to reach our military objectives with a minimum of slaughter and bloodshed. Gas is almost painless. The losses [presumably of the attacking party] are practically nil. Let us stop quibbling over this. Gas warfare is much less cruel than shell warfare. It is not so bloody, and it is far more effective. We have employed it, consequently, whenever possible against the Moors. We are doing them less injury in this way than we should were we to drive them out of their lairs with machine-guns and high explosives while they were shooting down our soldiers.'

These cynical unbosomings strip the mask of hypocrisy from the imperialists and their chauvinist admirers. Gas warfare is more effective, so it must be retained. That is the main argument of all these advocates. Let me quote a champion of English imperialism and a champion of American imperialism to show that the resolutions of the Washington Conference are mere scraps of paper, and that no imperialist Power intends to observe them when they stand in the way of its purpose. On October 5, 1922, the Assistant-Secretary of War of the United States, in a reply to the criticisms made of his Department because it continued its preparations for gas warfare in spite of the Washington Conference, said in substance: As things stand to-day, we can leave nothing to chance. The Government will be able to get the poison gas it needs if it must have it. All the chemical works in the country are listed and organized to meet the emergency in case of hostilities.

After the unanimous resolution of the Arms Traffic Commission, in which the United States was represented, the semiofficial *Journal of Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* stated in an article upon disarmament in June 1925 that it was just as impossible to prevent the use of gas in warfare by law as it was to prevent the use of other offensive and defensive arms. Since the Washington Conference, where Balfour and others stated frankly that research in chemical warfare would inevitably continue, America had come to the conclusion that it was not practicable to banish the most effective military weapon that exists. The Committee on Military Affairs of both the Senate and the House, and military experts in the army and navy, were agreed that it is impossible to abolish chemical warfare, and the United States Chemical Warfare Service could therefore count on the support of the authorities in continuing its work.

Now to add an English opinion. One of the leading military experts of Great Britain, writing in its leading military journal, the *Army Quarterly*, of November 1, 1925, under the pseudonym of Otac, said: It is inexcusable optimism to say that chemicals will not be used in future military operations; memories of the last war are still too fresh in the minds of the nation for it to imagine that an unscrupulous enemy would not

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resort to any weapon that it thought would bring it victory.

We can easily understand, therefore, how Poland, which is the first country to use poison gas against its 'domestic enemy,' the fighting proletariat, has just established a chair in its School of Mines at Krakow to teach the use of poison gas in warfare, and why this subject is also taught at several American universities.

Let me repeat that these are not the effusions of irresponsible hotheads, as the pacifists are wont to call anybody who refuses to help them lull the proletariat into security with soothing phrases; they are the opinions of responsible officials whose business it is to make ready for a coming war. They show us how inconsistent imperialist governments are. Each of them has a Janus head. Only one of its faces bears a benignant smile of peace. I could add indefinitely to such statements as I have cited. They go to prove that we can never have peace, albeit peace is the most desirable thing in the world, so long as bourgeois governments and imperialist States exist. The only way to get peace is through war — but it is civil war. Let the proletariat seize power, and the war era will be over.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES[1]

BY A. G. GARDINER

[THE author of *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* keeps in the public eye as a tireless advocate of the economic doctrines he espouses. If he is not reforming peace treaties, opposing the gold standard, and advising the French Ministers of Finance upon their budget bills, he appeals to a less economic element in the community by a romantic marriage with a Russian dancer. This character-sketch by one of the most brilliant Liberal journalists in Great Britain possesses a high degree of general interest for that reason.]

IN the dark sky of December 1919 Mr. Keynes flared up like a rocket. He published a book. It was a book on what is supposed to be the dullest of all subjects. It had a title — *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* — that seemed like a sentence of death on its prospects. The argument of the book was so unpopular that its author, had he been recognized in Trafalgar Square, would probably have been ducked in the fountain-pools as a pro-German. It was stated with such uncompromising audacity that it seemed to be an invitation to public ostracism, if not to a public horsewhipping. The book was damned by the critics and sent a shudder through the 'Coupon' Parliament. And it went like a prairie fire. It was read as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was read in the days of our grandfathers. It crossed the Atlantic and set America aflame. It was translated into every Continental tongue, and was discussed from

[1] From the *Daily News* (London Liberal daily), *January* 23

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China to Peru. Incidentally, the young David who had gone out alone against the embattled Philistinism of the time was famous. His reputation was as wide as the world.

He would have become famous in any case, for no bushel, however impervious, could permanently hide the light of such a flaming, incandescent spirit as John Maynard Keynes. There are few men to whom Johnson's remark about Burke would apply. It has been my fortune to see much of most of the men who have played the great parts on the stage of the world in the last twenty-five years, and the not infrequent impression left is that of wonder how such ordinary men get such greatness thrust upon them. But there are rare cases in which the question does not arise. Mr. Keynes is one of them. If you met him sheltering from a shower of rain you would have no doubt that you had met a remarkable man. It would not be his appearance that would impress you. It is pleasant and interesting, without being distinguished. Slight of build, sallow of complexion, with dark eyebrows, a thin face, and a longish nose, — at Eton, I am told, he was known as 'Snout,' — his most noticeable feature is the vivacious eyes that gleam with intelligence and suggest a mind that is always cool but always at the gallop. His habit of speech is as swift as his glance. He talks like a man who has to race to keep up with his thoughts, and whose utterance stumbles a little in the vain struggle to go the pace.

It is the talk of a man who thinks in many quantities, whose glance ranges over wide horizons, and whose eye has alighted on a new fact before his tongue has disposed of the last. But it is not gabble, because behind the eager speech is a mind moving cool and composed through the labyrinth of explanation and proof, the goal clear in view, the course sharply defined as a razor-edge. He seems to be bringing up unseen and unsuspected resources from all the circumference of things to support his argument and to envelop you in ruin.

> Thousands at his bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest.

It is talk as unlike that of the dry-as-dust economist as the seed is unlike the flower. It is lit by many lights. Art, science, literature, knowledge of men and of affairs, all come in at easy call to adorn and illustrate the theme. There is no pedantry, and his learning is carried so lightly that it does not impede the adventurous hurry of the spirit. His certainty would be intolerable if it were not so gayly garbed, so sprightly and so boyish. He rides you down with such debonair grace that you have not the heart to feel angry. He has no respect for persons, and I am told that people go to the Senate at Cambridge for the delight of hearing him say things that make the dignitaries of that seat of learning shudder. But they respect him, if he does not respect them — not for his opinions, but for his gifts, and particularly that rare gift among scholarly men of being a brilliant man of affairs.

For he has not only written a book on the *Theory of Probability*, which, according to some commentators, only three men are capable of understanding, but he has worked a miracle in the financial basis of his college that has placed it in a position it had never before enjoyed. His versatility, indeed, is bewildering. He flits from the lecture-room at Cambridge to the public platform, and from the platform to the City, which he has taken, as it were, in his stride, becoming the chairman of one great company and the director of another; he looks in at the *Nation*, of which he is chairman, edits the

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Economic Journal in odd moments, writes innumerable articles, makes innumerable speeches, mangles Mr. Churchill in one brochure, and gives the French press an apoplectic seizure with another; carries on a campaign against the gold standard, which he regards as effete as the golden calf; discusses the currency of India with as much animation as the philosophy of contraceptives, and in the intervals is discovered as one of the arch-priests of the Bloomsbury school of intellectuals, discussing art and æsthetics with the Lytton Stracheys and Clive Bells who form the dilettante fringe of this amazing whirl of activities. He writes of the virtues of the London Group with as much enthusiasm as he writes of the vices of deflation, and his walls at Bloomsbury are hung with the challenges of the modern anarchs of art. He has no ear for music and no taste for early rising, and he plays patience to cool the ardors of his mind.

It was quite in the spirit of this whirlwind career that it should be rounded off with a romance that set the tongues and pens of two continents as busy as *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* had made them. And though the marriage of the most brilliant young man in England to the most famous dancer in the world was celebrated at a drab registry office, and though, to the application for his photograph, Mr. Keynes wired 'There is n't one in existence, thank God,' that too is in the spirit of the man. For even in his romance and his art he is an uncompromising realist. He is as absolute as mathematics, and his emotions never escape the dominion of the intellect. The fact is remarkable, because his origins might suggest a certain congenital sentiment. On both sides he is a child of the manse, his grandfather on the maternal side being that Dr. John Brown who long preached in Bunyan's church at Bedford, and who was one of the great historians of Nonconformity, while his father, also like his son a professor at Cambridge, likewise came from a minister's home.

But feeling plays little or no part in his equipment. It is this fact, I think, that rules him out of a great part on the political stage. He has many of the gifts for such a part, a swift, apprehensive mind, a bold, imaginative, wide-ranging thought, an unusual power of unraveling difficult problems and making obscure things plain, and a genius for action. But his sympathies are cold. Facts are the stern realities and fancies are for the foolish. Things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be — why therefore pretend? His cool, expert mind, moving unfalteringly among the wilderness of perceived facts, is contemptuous of the emotionalism that seizes the mass mind and plays havoc with the judgment of things. He makes no concessions to the mob and will deal in no anodynes for the weaker brethren. He has no superstitions and no faith.

> He is clear of the pines and the oak scrub:
> He is out on the rocks and the snow.

If you will take your stand with him on these bleak highlands — good. If not, he has no medicine for the mind diseased. His fervors are not moral fervors; they are intellectual fervors. It is the folly of things, not the wickedness of things, that revolts him. If the Peace Treaty had been practically right, I do not think he would have complained because it was spiritually wrong. It was the offense against the reason and reality of things that was, to him, the sin against the Holy Ghost. He saw the statesmen of Europe dealing in lies. He saw them whetting the appetites of their wretched peoples with Barmecide feasts of unthinkable

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millions. He saw them laying a rotten foundation of falsehood over the abyss of the war into which Europe must inevitably crash with utter ruin.

And with the courage, not of a moral crusader, but of a mathematical divine whose faith rested on the impregnable rock that two and two make four and that it is a sin to pretend they make five, he threw up his post at the Peace Conference, shook the dust of this infatuated society off his feet, and set out to tell the world the truth about the Treaty. What he wrote looks obvious enough to-day, but it needed courage to talk sense in the midst of the screaming frenzy of those days, and Mr. Keynes took the risks of a very gallant adventure. Even in taking them, the young David showed that worldly wisdom that so strangely consorts with his scholarly and artistic gifts. He published at his own risk, and reaped all the profits of one of the greatest publishing-successes on record.

That success was due not merely to the matter but to the manner of the book, for in his abundant armory is one of the keenest blades in contemporary literature. He has a pen that cuts like a whiplash and a wit that stings like a scorpion. I think that his treatment of President Wilson was cruelly unjust; but the brilliancy of his picture of the 'blind and deaf Don Quixote' being rounded up, manacled, and strapped down by the supple minds about him is a fadeless bit of literature as well as of history. Take this thumbnail: —

> What chance could such a man have against Mr. Lloyd George's unerring, almost mediumlike, sensibility of everyone immediately around him? To see the British Prime Minister, with six or seven senses not available to ordinary men, judging motives, character, and subconscious impulse, perceiving what each man was thinking and even what each man was going to say next, was to realize that the poor President would be playing blindman's buff in that party.

Is it quite so sure that fifty years hence the poor, bamboozled Don Quixote will look such a fool to the eye of the historian as he looked to that raging young onlooker who saw him being bound and trussed at Paris? Don Quixote wanted one thing, the League of Nations, and, though the price he paid for it was high, — among other things, it was his life, — it is reasonable to hope that time will say that he did the greatest service to this tortured Europe of any man in history.

But it is not by the wisdom of his judgment on this or that issue that judgment on Mr. Keynes himself will be passed. Homer nods sometimes, and Mr. Keynes may occasionally be suspected of napping. It would hardly be decent for any man to be quite so omniscient as he seems. If he were, he would be in danger of being hanged at the lamp-post or ostracized like a modern Aristides. His merit is in the rare combination of a wealth of diverse and solid attainments with an unrivaled power of clarifying the public thought on obscure and erudite issues. If he had a little patience and a little of that detestable but necessary thing called tact, he might be the Moses to lead Liberalism out of the wilderness.

For to his question, submitted to the Liberal Summer School, 'Am I a Liberal?' the answer is in the affirmative. We may dismiss his quaint notion that birth-control should be a cardinal Liberal doctrine, not because birth-control is illiberal, but because it does not belong to the Party issue. But his outlook is essentially Liberal. For Labor's theories he has intellectual contempt, and for Labor's sentimentalism and animus the scorn of the dogmatic rationalist. 'Throughout the

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Labor Party,' he says, 'there is secret sympathy with the policy of catastrophe. . . . It is necessary for the successful Labor leader to be, or appear to be at least, a little savage. It is not enough that he should love his fellow men; he must hate them too.'

But Parliament is not the sphere where Mr. Keynes would be happy. He is too aloof and unsympathetic with the common mind, too lonely and independent an adventurer in the fields of thought and speculation, ever to sit in harness on the Treasury bench. His function is perhaps greater. It is to be a lamp hung aloft the Parties to scatter the darkness and the lies that dwell in the darkness.

THE FASCISTI AND THE INTELLECTUALS[1]

BY ROBERTO FORGES DAVANZATTI

[THIS is the substance of an address delivered before the University of Pisa.]

INTELLECTUALS and the so-called cultured classes have arrayed themselves against Fascism. Well and good. We accept their challenge gladly, because it gives us a chance to puncture their fallacies.

Why do the intellectuals and the cultured classes oppose Fascism? Are they ready to descend into the lists and fight us? By no means. They affect an attitude of superiority, as if they were judges sitting above the dust of battle. But that is merely pose. It is an attitude dictated by cowardice and indolence. For when the intellectual classes, if they were in the right, should have rallied the political conscience of the nation to their support, they chose rather to rely on the freemasonry of caste and upon sociological dogmatism. They were unable to provide anything better to substitute for the commonplaces of cultural and intellectual professionalism. That has been, and that still is, their besetting weakness. They are confessedly incapable of putting up a fight, of risking the physical and moral dangers of battle. They lack courage to testify to a living faith of their own, even though the absence of such a faith may spell the ruin of their country.

Moreover, they suffer from another evil. It is the jealousy, the academic pettiness, which even those who aspire to be critics of the academic system display. Do you want an example? Was it not *odium academicum* that made Senator Croce repudiate, out of hatred for the Fascism of Giovanni Gentile, all that he had written in the past criticizing so bitterly the spirit of class freemasonry among our intellectuals? Then again our intellectuals suffer from one more defect — dogmatic humanitarianism, which is very different from humanism, and which inhibits the spontaneous impulses of the soul. It is the dark vapor from this abyss of humanitarian dogmatism, which deludes those of mediocre cul-

[1] From *La Tribuna* (Rome Fascist daily), *January 27*

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ture and intelligence with the idea that they are torchbearers of a world movement, that has blinded us to the sole true mission of our nation for the past two thousand years — her mission of being Italian. That is why the representatives of culture and of intellectuality have been our enemies.

Nevertheless, we have been exceedingly tolerant with these gentlemen. We have been the more tolerant, perhaps, for the very reason that it would have been a mere trifle to brush them out of our road in twenty-four hours. In the very midst of a thoroughgoing reform, we have left our adversaries safe and undisturbed in their posts, if not treated with special indulgence. The present régime of tyranny has been exceedingly generous compared with our Democrats when they gained control of Parliament in 1876 and immediately put our academic halls in possession of the masters of lodges. Well and good. The fact that we did not copy their procedure does not mean that we had no good ground for doing so.

Let me put the situation a little more concretely. Fascism is charged with being the enemy of the intellect and the enemy of culture. It is accused of being distinctly a lowbrow, brute-force movement.

That is not true. After all these years of democratic rule the Fascist Government has shown more willingness and ability to provide liberally for the universities than its predecessors. It has done so right after an era captivated by the fallacious doctrine that we must abolish the barracks in order to build up the schools. We, on the contrary, have had the grit and the cash to support both the barracks and the schools — because the barracks are a great, splendid school, and because the school is worthless without the stern, exacting discipline of the barracks.

Moreover, we are now taking another step that proves that we are determined, not only to have good schools, but also to encourage the flowering of Italy's creative spirit in all higher spheres — we are reforming the Academy. But even here we intend to enforce the same discipline, to exact the same standards of bureaucratic efficiency, as elsewhere, even though some of our own Fascisti seem to think that these measures should stop at the threshold of our higher institutions. No. Bureaucratic efficiency must be enforced with an iron hand, above all in the universities. For the evil that an incompetent and negligent teacher can do is incomparably greater than the evil that an inefficient treasury official, or manager of a Government tobacco factory, or other functionary, can do. When the State takes upon itself to support and guide the education of its people — a function that is fatuous if it is not patriotic — we must guard first and foremost against letting that education degenerate into treason, against inculcating our youth during their most impressionable age with pernicious doctrines and casual habits sure to produce to-morrow a generation of civic cripples and social eccentrics.

No indeed. That must not happen. That must not happen again. It would be the height of absurdity if, at the very moment when we are making every sacrifice to reform and reconstruct our nation on a grander scale, we should fail to inspire with the spirit and doctrines that animate us the young people who are to be our future citizens. It would be folly, at a time when we are creating a new set of political institutions, to neglect to train up a nation capable of operating those institutions. The only justification that a public-school system has is that it does perform these services.

The fundamental inconsistency of

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our old quasi-liberal Government, which took over for the first time the education of the young, was this: that the State, at the very moment when it assumed authority to require that the future citizens pursue a certain course of study, did not insist upon the logical object of so doing — that the schools should turn out Italian citizens. That is why the new civil-service law applies to all the employees of the State, even to our university faculties.

And is this such an unprecedented thing? When Italy first achieved her unity and found herself forced to fight the old local and separatist spirit in the schools, did she not take radical steps to abolish that spirit? When, back in the sixties, the professors of the University of Naples, gentlemen of high culture and scholarship though they may have been, were summarily dismissed, that measure was taken to remove their persistent opposition to Italian unity. And even if the necessity of replacing the old instructors in such summary fashion led to the appointment of less competent men in their place, I say it was a good thing, because, after all, it meant the victory of the new spirit of national unity. Such radical measures are not altogether bad, moreover, for culture itself, if we sow the seed of national renaissance in the fresh earth from which this old vegetation has been torn by the roots; for the new crop will eventually be far worthier than the old.

Another point. We have universities that will turn out doctors, engineers, lawyers, and teachers; but to our sorrow we have learned that, no matter how well qualified the graduates may be in their respective professions, they may utterly lack the true national spirit. This is a matter that demands thought, because we know that a man may be a master of his profession and nevertheless be lamentably incompetent in other things. After all, the primary purpose of education is not to fill the mind with facts, but to train the mind to coördinate facts and to relate them to an energizing principle — which should be patriotic, that is, Italian. This is the real function of the public school. Hitherto we have imagined that in deference to academic freedom we should refrain from giving the minds of the younger generation any particular slant. But experience shows that in many Italian universities academic freedom has been abused to organize and maintain foci of antinational Social-Democratic speculation extremely dangerous for the country.

But Fascism must go beyond reforming the universities. It must fill the Academy with its new creative spirit. The development of this institution must be sedulously guarded. It must be a creative organism, an energizer, a prime mover. It must foster and propagate the higher manifestations of the Fascist spirit, those that transcend particular political programmes, but that are, none the less, essentially Italian.

Who is there among us with a soul so base that he will venture to tell the Italian people that, if we are to serve the spirit, we must rise to a realm superior to the passions and the emotions and, if the emergency so demands, we must disassociate ourselves altogether from the limitations of our own nationality? What Italian, perhaps to excuse himself for the grave error of failing to foresee — or, what is worse, of failing to understand — the war, dare maintain that we can serve culture only in so far as we transcend the struggles and the sufferings of our own people?

Where did Senator Croce stumble upon this presumptuous absurdity? In Italy, where the whole history of

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thought and of art, even of the plastic arts, is inseparably associated with the sufferings and the greatness of Italy herself? In Italy, whose greatest poem was written by her greatest Fascist? Where did this man discover that if we are to be true and dispassionate interpreters of the past we must emancipate ourselves from the life of our own age? Perhaps he has forgotten that, at the time when the sense of the classic was strongest and most alive in Italy, the men who interpreted and best comprehended the ancient world were the very men who were most interested in the events of their own day — men like Foscolo and Leopardi. Who taught Croce that a man of intellect and culture should not also set an example of obedience to the laws of his age? This philosopher has apparently forgotten the example that Socrates gave when he drank the hemlock.

Is it true that politics is the antagonist of art and culture? Do we not feel to-day that Mussolini is creating a new Italian prose with his rude eloquence — all bones and muscle? Do not his truly Pindaric passages and his visions of a grand future suggest the clairvoyance of an artist? Are not his rapid, concise political utterances models of the art of exposition? What a wealth of things the Duce said in his last five minutes' speech! He said all that it was necessary to say to express the spirit of the occasion and to justify the Government. But we are conscious of yet another element of strength; his words have also an ethical import; they express the essence of what he has achieved, of what he has suffered and created — and that is, indeed, the most exalted manifestation of the true creative mind.

Mussolini has created a new Italian style, just as Julius Cæsar, whom we studied as boys, created a style in the simplicity, and yet sufficiency, of his great book: '*Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*' — a great book because it was not written by a geographer or by a spectator, but by a conqueror, by the man who did the deeds that he recounts. And thus even politics, when it ceases to be a partisan thing, and becomes, as it does in case of the Ducè, the incarnation of a secular mission, becomes likewise art, style, imagination, culture — in a word, inspiration.

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THE DRUSES AND THEIR MOUNTAINS[1]

BY A TURKISH CORRESPONDENT

To-day Suweda, the ancient Dionysos, is almost a modern town. It has grocery stores, and its tailors sit at their sewing machines right out in the street before their shops. Although there is as yet no Jebel Palace Hotel, at least there is a sumptuous *medafa* — guest-house; and now the solemn music of the coffee-grinder, formerly listened to in religious silence, is often interrupted by the popular Stambolitan air, '*Ya Ko-ka-ine!*'

These guest-houses are a peculiarity of the Hauran. Since hospitality is with the Druses the first virtue after courage, even the most modest village has one. Every stranger, regardless of his religion, nationality, or social status, is received there for three days and nights without charge, bed and board being provided for himself and his horse. The community pays the bills, or sometimes it is the sheik or some other ambitious notable who wishes to perpetuate his own memory, and who, glorying in his generosity, receives his chance guests there most elaborately. I met certain Druses who put as much zeal and pride into impoverishing themselves for their medafa as does a European hotel-keeper into getting rich.

Behind the medafa in which we stopped in Suweda, across the narrow passage, stands an admirable great stone portal, bearing an inscription in ancient Greek. Near it is the colonnade of an antique temple, surmounted by a sculptured fronton representing Eros between Aphrodite and Artemis. Everywhere, fitted into the walls of houses and courtyards, and in the pavement under our feet, fragments of friezes or of capitals, adorned with sculptured bunches of grapes or of foliage and fruit, attest the long-past devotion of the now seditious city to the suave joys of the vine.

The most curious house is that of the present rebel chieftains, Assad and Sultan Attrash, constructed entirely of whole and part columns of every style and of many-shaped blocks and chips taken from Greco-Roman and Byzantine monuments. We see there too a corner-stone of which the inscription tells us that the Third Gallic Legion was garrisoned and built roads and an aqueduct in and about the city. Near the centre of town we find a deep stone pool, or piscina, of which the facing of basalt shows darker patches where fallen blocks reveal a primary layer of lava and indicate that the past has seen deeper disturbances there than those of to-day! Still another piscina, enormous and better preserved, at the entrance of the city, was constructed, it appears, by Herod the Great, for mock sea-fights.

Here some Darazites — feminine of Druse — are busy washing clothes, or camel's hair, or *boolgoor* — crushed wheat from which the national food is prepared. As the women bend to and fro at their work a slight brushing sound accompanies their motion, and we perceive through the bluish gauze in which their long hair is bound a

[1] From *Buyuk Yol* (Constantinople Independent daily), *January 7*

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whole network of braids, thin and lustrous, tied at the end by a bit of gold-or silver-work, where, hanging in a fringe, dance as many sequins — gold Turkish coins worth two dollars and twenty-five cents — as there are braids. They wear also a small bolero, open at the front in the shape of a lyre and linked by pretty palm-shaped brooches of silver studded with semiprecious stones, above a straight, fringed petticoat such as I had not seen elsewhere in Syria.

Above the piscina is a terrace where the Druse lords and loungers from the medafa assemble in the cool of the evening. These men too have their braids — two short, full tresses. that hang down before their ears like bunches of blue-black grapes.

Just what is their religion? They make a great secret of it. Their grand pontiff resides at Kanawat, hidden up among the bristling mass of mountains to the east of Suweda. This is the Kenath of the Bible, and the Canatha of the Roman Decapolis, which enjoyed a certain autonomy.

No road yet leads there: we cross from Suweda as we can, traversing great fields of rocks, jumping wadis, — dried up gullies where streams flow only in time of rain, — climbing walls, hoisting ourselves up the grizzly-gray granite to an altitude of from four to five thousand feet, where the air is delicious. We have no landmark ahead of us except The Tree, a great terebinth or turpentine tree, the last descendant of the famous evergreen forests of Bashan, which rounds off its dark, domelike top between a lilac-colored ridge and an opal sky.

But suddenly as we reach the crest a smiling countryside bursts into view, in startling contrast with the barren, rocky wilderness behind us. A brook flows between curtains of poplars; here are thickets of green bushes and vines; and at a turn in the path, very unexpectedly, seven tall and elegant Corinthian columns rise from a foundation of gigantic sculptured stones, all piled about with other massive ruins. It is the Temple of the Sun, built by Herod the Great, as was attested by a carved inscription which it seems the Germans carried off in the World War.

We tread the ancient pavements of erstwhile streets and passages, clamber along ramparts that recall those of Jerusalem, except that they are of great stones set up on end, and do not overlook the gloomy Valley of Jehoshaphat, but a most charming scene — one of the idyllic, fairy-story places our eyes had long been unaccustomed to see. A little river bordered with elderberry bushes runs at the bottom of a shady ravine, crossed by a Roman bridge, at the end of which, under a vine-clad tunnel, three marble Adonises with faunlike tresses play pipes of reed; while on the slope above blue-veiled Darazites descend to fill their handsome water-jugs, which are pure lineal descendants of the amphoræ of old.

Behind, on the mountain, the stone benches of an amphitheatre mount in a wide curve among the exquisite profusion of verdure, where goats leap four steps at a time at our approach. At the right, more ruins, surrounded by a cloister of woods. At the left, crowning the mountain, clothed in a mantle of leafy vines, the romantic silhouette of the Castle of Job. Far off, on a divinely blue horizon, is another mountain on whose vapory crest something gleams with a flashing splendor — the remains of a second Temple of the Sun, consecrated by Herod Agrippa the Second, brother of Berenice and the refined Titus. An inscription from this temple, now also at Berlin, reproaches the people of Kanawat for their savage customs and enjoins them to lead a life conforming with the civilization of the day.

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AN OCEAN MYSTERY[1]

BY PERCY HILL

THE galleon Nuestra Señora de Guia sailed from the Philippines for Mexico in June 1712. She had long been swinging at her anchors in Cavite, awaiting her cargo of Oriental merchandise destined for transshipment to Spain. She expected to return to Manila with the usual cargo of silver pesos that made up the budget for the King's Government in the Philippines. The outward voyage to Acapulco, the port of discharge and lading in Mexico, was always long, tedious, and dangerous, sometimes taking a full six months; but the return trip via Guam was more speedy. Following the customary precautions, the rigging of the Nuestra Señora de Guia was hanging full of bright-red clay water-jars, brimful before the ship put to sea. On account of water, the early part of the voyages, before the higher latitudes were reached, was a source of extreme anxiety to all on board, so dependent it was upon a whimsical providence.

Under the vertical sun of Manila Bay the paint and scroll-work and the tar of the rigging blistered and burned; the master-general fumed at the delay in sending him his orders, that he might hoist all sail and seek with all possible speed the breezier spaces of the high seas beyond Mariveles.

Weeks before the sailing, the promenades and little hostelries of Manila and Cavite were crowded with boisterous passengers, many of them returning to Spain to retire and live a life of ease and comfort upon the wealth they had been able to accumulate in the Philippines. The officials and ecclesiastics, however, kept to the seclusion and shade of their convents till the last possible moment — knowing that the old *nao* would perforce await their pleasure. When they were at last ready, a numerous retinue of *legos* and servants carried aboard their leathern trunks and personal provisions; but even then the galleon might linger for a favorable saint's day or an omen of good fortune.

The cargoes of these old galleons were confined to those goods upon which a profit of three hundred or four hundred per cent might be made: they were silks, cottons, porcelains, lacquer, pepper, gamboge, and spices, and sometimes gold dust from the placer washings of Paracale and the Ilocos region. One galleon carried two hundred walking-sticks and fifty thousand pairs of silk stockings. The cargo space on the galleons accommodated fifteen hundred *boletas*, packages measuring eighteen cubic feet each. And from these came the gain upon which the officials, the monks, the confraternities, and the merchants lived — if not in affluence, at least with continual wranglings and avaricious disputes.

The traverse northward, into the region of cold and storms, resulted in a terrible mortality among the passengers as well as among the crews, accustomed as they all were, either by long residence or nativity, to the tropic

[1] From *Romantic Episodes in Old Manila*. Manila: Walter Robb, 1925

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climate of the Philippines. Medical science being in its infancy, no one realized that pneumonia was the cause of so many untimely deaths. Burials at sea were the regular ceremonies of the voyages for centuries; the route of the galleons came to be known as the graveyard of Doña Maria de la Jara, although this lady was not known, or at least is not mentioned, by the friar historians of the period.

When water became scarce, as it often did before the rainy latitudes were reached, rice and *garbanzos* were cooked in the steam of salt water to sustain life aboard ship until the storms brought relief. Reaching latitudes of thirty or forty degrees north, the *naos* encountered rains that never failed. Fresh supplies of water were obtained by spreading large mats in the rigging and using bamboo tubes to run the rain water into jars and casks and wooden tanks.

The clothing of passengers and crews was often rotted by the constant rains and moist sunless weather. From such circumstances many deaths resulted. The crew alone often numbered from three hundred to four hundred men. The quarters for passengers were always overcrowded.

Galleons constructed in the Philippines were built of thick heavy timbers, molave, yacal, and kindred woods, and their dead weight made them unwieldy and sluggish. These rarely made Manila direct, on returning from Mexico, but landed their cargoes in Palapag, Lampon, or Sorsogon. Not infrequently they piled up on the rocky and treacherous coasts of Mindoro and Cagayan. But a galleon that cost fifty thousand pesos in Peru or Mexico could be built in the Philippines for eight thousand pesos. The Mexican craft were the better sailers; the Philippine craft offered better defense from Dutch and English enemies, their timbers splintering far less from artillery fire.

In one period of fifteen years eleven galleons were lost because of faulty seamanship; but the pious friars declare the real cause of disaster was that construction continued on Sundays and holy days and the laborers were often cheated of their pay. These numerous digressions illustrating the many quaint notions of the period are indulged in before getting to our story proper because of the perspective they offer for the picture of the times and the manners and customs of the people.

One galleon that arrived off the Philippines after a stormy voyage from Acapulco had to make port in Borongan, Samar. She landed her passengers, and was held by two stout cables while her cargo of a hundred thousand Mexican pesos was being transferred to another vessel. The crew was still aboard, but in spite of that the cables parted and the ship drifted with the tide, grounding on the jagged coral reef at the mouth of the cove and breaking up, a total wreck, the silver going to the bottom with her. Native divers were able to recover the silver, but they gave up little of it to the Crown, because they claimed it as their pay for building the galleon, which had been constructed in that very harbor. There were fulminations and threats enough, but the natives kept the treasure nevertheless.

The arrival of a galleon at Manila was made a public holiday. The general of the ship was escorted in a procession through the principal streets, the balconies of all the houses being gay with red and yellow hangings, the colors of Castile. Bells rang, Te Deums were chanted in all the churches, particularly at the Cathedral. Everyone rejoiced, for this single ship a year was all the link they

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had with the busy world beyond the infinite horizons.

When the Nuestra Señora de Guia sailed from Cavite, she had of course her full complement of high-ranking officers, from the general and the treasurer to the chaplain, Fra Anselmo, and the captain of marines. But she was helpless against an enemy, as the galleons usually were. Her guns were not mounted. They were deep in the hold, for ballast. Inasmuch as the galleons invariably sailed in this helpless manner, when an enemy was sighted the confusion and haste aboard were indescribable; but, incited to folly by avarice, and desperate at being limited by royal decree to one ship a year of specified cargo-capacity, the same practice was repeated on each voyage, and numerous galleons were taken because they carried their cannons as ballast and not for use.

Once clear of Manila Bay, the Nuestra Señora de Guia picked up the vendavals, or monsoon winds. Sailing up the western coast of Luzon, she rounded the rocky headland of Bojeador, sheeted home all her great sails and bowled away on the long voyage to Acapulco.

All that was to be seen on the vast expanse of the deep was schools of flying fish and lumbering, up-ending dolphins. The lonely isle of Pajaros was passed, with its teeming bird-life, and then once more they faced the blue and shimmering ocean, until they neared Lower California. By their rude instruments they could reckon latitude accurately enough for their purposes, but how to reckon longitude was still unknown; they only knew they were nearing California by the kelp floating on the waves. They then turned southward, for the protecting fortress of San Diego, in Acapulco Bay. They fortunately did not run afoul of English privateers, those hawks of the sea who were wont to lie in wait for the cumbersome galleons in the vicinity of the home port.

Even so early in history, the Jesuits were faithful in their service to mariners. At their convents on the California coast, if they had word of or had sighted privateers, they kept great fires burning on the peak of some headland, as a warning to the galleon to heave to until the danger of capture had passed.

Life on the Nuestra Señora de Guia was tedious in the extreme. The food consisted of boiled salt meat mixed liberally with *garbanzos* and *judias*. Among the wearied passengers those lucky enough to have garnered a competence in the Philippines yarned away the hours; and aside from the monotonous droning of their voices there were the matins and masses of Fra Anselmo.

Then occurred an incident to enliven everyone. Some three weeks out from Manila, after Sunday Mass had been celebrated, the lookout called down that he saw a boat in the distance. Instantly everything was excitement; passengers and crew crowded the rail, the tall poop, and even the rigging, to catch sight of the stranger. But it was some time before many could make it out, for it was only a small boat, tossing far out on the swells. Slowly the wind drove the Nuestra Señora de Guia onward until she came abreast of the tiny craft, when her huge sails were close-hauled and her unwieldy hulk came to a stop, curtseying to the great seas.

With many gesticulations and orders, emphasized by the oaths familiar to mariners of those days, a shallop was launched and rowed toward the strange craft. No movement came from it or its occupants; no eager hail came over the waves, no signal went aloft. The transition from the deck of a great ship in mid-ocean to a rowboat hovering at the water-line must be experienced to be appreciated. Surges strong enough

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to lift the largest liner alternately rise and melt away in the illimitable distance. The utter desolation of sea and sky arouses unpleasant premonitions that it is hard to define. They are the effect of fear — fear of the unknown; the trepidation of the soul slipping unwillingly into the realm of another world, a world of loneliness and unbounded solitude.

In such moments man recognizes the nearness of his Creator.

Under the urge of her slender oars the shallop approached the craft the lookout had sighted. A close view of the curiously carved stem showed it to be of some outlandish workmanship unknown to the Spaniards. A carved bamboo frame was covered with costly shawls, but the most wonderful detail of all was the sole occupant of the dainty vessel. Lying on a heap of Oriental cushions, exquisitely wrought, was a girl, scarcely a woman yet. She was lifeless, still, most beautiful in death; the attitude of the body, the perfect composure of the features, indicated that death must have come while the girl slept, with no dreadful premonitions or excruciating pain. Her cloak was rich and beautiful, of the most costly material. Around the delicate young throat was a necklace of the rarest gems, diamonds the envy of Golconda. The facets caught every sparkle of light and dazzled the mariners' vision as they drew alongside the wave-borne mausoleum.

There was no name, no clue whatever to identify the little body sailing thus alone into the portals of eternity.

The Spanish mariners were awed. How in the name of all that was miraculous had this thing occurred? Had a ship gone down or been destroyed by fire? Had vengeance cast this girl adrift, or had she taken this desperate means to escape some peril, or a fate loathsome to a lovelorn heart? Whether she had expired from grief or loneliness had to be conjectured; there was absolutely nothing upon which to base a definite assumption, save that her eyes had closed in peace, the soul had been unafraid when the last moment came. Provisions, delicate viands and water, were in the craft, which could not have been launched many days before, as the food was still fresh.

Questions therefore remained unanswered. In that part of the Pacific ships were few; there were no regular lanes of traffic as there are to-day. The ocean was a lonely waste, infrequently traversed. Who the girl was, none could surmise; where she came from, none knew; it was only another of the mysteries of the ocean, clear enough if the facts were known, but utterly baffling in the lack of them. The sailors saw an actual thing; they believed, and they could only wonder as to the rest — what might have been.

The lovely body with its rich habiliments was conveyed to the galleon and laid out on the deck. The dainty gold crucifix and a jeweled rosary clasped in a small white hand were proof enough to Fra Anselmo, the chronicler of the tale, that the girl had been a Christian. So Christian rites were given her. The few women aboard gathered around the frail little form on the great galleon's crowded deck; and they wept at such a tragedy come to one so young and more than passing fair. Stronger hearts were touched as well. The body was committed to the deep with every ceremony for such occasions. From the hard-bitten crew many *aves* were intoned for the rest of the soul of one of God's unfortunates.

And then the Nuestra Señora de Guia spread her great sails to the breeze once more and lumbered on her way to the distant coast of California; and against the sides of her laden hulk the ocean beat the rhythm of the song that has

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cradled the infancy of the world. The long tropic day flamed into sunset; the *estrella vespertina*, the evening star, gleamed softly in the western heavens; and, when twilight had sped quickly by, a gentle moon looked kindly down upon an empty, oarless barge tossing on the dark surface of the turgid sea; and in the gloomier depths below a spirit rested, to awake no more until a day of judgment. One hopes that the tenderest and most pleading of Gabriel's notes will call such young loveliness from its briny sepulchre.

In due course, a few months later, the Nuestra Señora de Guia raised the twin peaks of Acapulco harbor, then a busy mart, but now a crumbling and deserted town. The general of the *nao* and Fra Anselmo reported the incident to the castellan of Fort San Diego, who carefully noted it in his books. The gray monastery hummed with conjectures, all futile. On mule-back the passengers departed from Acapulco for Chilpancingo and Mexico, their long journey to Spain hardly more than well begun. The mariners wasted their pay about the gambling-tables of the town, or upon other transitory pleasures. When they were penniless and another galleon was about to put out for Manila they signed on for the return trip. At his own leisure, Fra Anselmo made his chronicle of a mystery never revealed, a tragic secret of the mid-Pacific waters.

PLAGIARISM[1]

BY SIR EDMUND GOSSE

THE fact that I discoursed recently on Sterne, and still earlier on Robert Burton, naturally directed my thoughts to the subject of plagiarism, in which both those writers were involved, the one actively, the other passively. But I had no space in which to dwell on the question, which introduces a great many considerations. However, by what I cannot help thinking an odd coincidence, my hand is absolutely forced by my receiving this week a little volume, equally modest and ingenious, in which Professor J. G. Robertson collects for the first time all the existing records of the relations of Goethe and Byron. This book, *Goethe and Byron*, which contains a surprising amount of information hitherto scattered and unavailable, is interesting to me to-day because of the frequent references it contains to the accusation that Byron plagiarized from Goethe. To these charges the German poet, who admired Byron to extravagance, was royally indifferent.

When *Manfred* was published, critics in Germany as well as in England were not slow to hint that the plot and even some of the language were borrowed from *Faust*. Goethe, not disposed wholly to deny the fact, made the following remarkable admissions: —

> How much too prudently he lets himself be accused of plagiarism. He only makes skirmishes in his defense, instead of mowing down his opponents with heavy artillery.

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), *January* 24

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Does not everything that the past and the present have produced belong by rights to the poet? Why should he fear to pluck flowers where he finds them? All that is great is only a result of appropriating the treasures of others. Have I not appropriated Job and a song of Shakespeare's in my 'Mephistopheles'?

It is possible that Goethe might not have been quite so indulgent if he had realized the extent of Byron's borrowings in *Manfred*. But the odd thing is that Goethe read English with difficulty, and Byron could not read German at all. Their civilities, therefore, were those of the tiger and the whale.

A letter of Byron to Rogers gives interesting evidence of the mode in which he obtained knowledge of *Faust;* he says that Monk Lewis, staying for some days at Diodati, translated Goethe's masterpiece to him 'by word of mouth.' Professor Robertson indicates the character and extent of imitation founded upon this shadowy acquaintance. They do not amount to much, but they prove that the general scene and motive of *Faust* appealed very strongly to the English poet. But this is not plagiarism in its acute form.

According to the dictionaries, the original meaning of 'plagiary' was a kidnapper, a person who steals away somebody else's child and pretends it to be his own. We find this meaning still in use in Elizabethan times, as of infants carried off by 'plagiaries' and offered for ransom. But very early the term became confined to those who steal the children of other people's brains, whether by the borrowing of general lines of invention or by the actual adoption of language. The former of these crimes it is very difficult to bring home to the culprit, but no accusation is more frequently made or more passionately rebutted.

Authors who more or less surreptitiously make use of the inventions of earlier authors are not unwilling to shield themselves behind very eminent names. If this sort of plagiarism is a crime, they declare that Shakespeare has been abundantly convicted of it. He made no scruple whatever of laying literature under contribution, and he stole from Plutarch and Bandello and Belleforest with the calm agility of a practised 'cat-burglar.' He thought his own contemporaries fair game, and he aroused a shriek of distress from Robert Greene, who called Shakespeare 'an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide.'

But if we regard this wild protest without pedantry, we see what a benefit such plagiarism may prove to the world, dangerous weapon though it be in a clumsy hand. If we are sensible Benthamites and consider the greatest benefit to the greatest number, we reflect that what Greene complained of was the use Shakespeare had made of Greene's plays in his great historical trilogy. But we have the revised *Henry VI*, and continue to enjoy it, while what are supposed to be Greene's undoctored acts are placed by the critics 'in a special category of ineptitude.'

We have, therefore, in the action of the 'upstart crow,' an example of plagiarism that is a positive and lasting benefit to the race, since what was ugly and silly has been transmuted into what is beautiful and wise. No doubt the action of the great in thus turning the lead of their predecessors into gold is a perilous one. It is justified by complete success and by nothing else. The curious may examine Pope's audacious manipulation of the verses and letters of Wycherley. 'The old scribbler,' as Johnson says, 'was angry to see his pages defaced,' but the sum of the matter is that we all read what Pope wrote, and we none of us read the maunderings of the aged Wycherley.

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In my boyhood there was a storm in a teacup over a case of supposed plagiarism in connection with the *Lucile* of Robert Lytton. I am afraid that these names rouse little echo in latter-day bosoms, but *Lucile* was a long narrative-poem, a sort of epic of society, which enjoyed an extraordinary vogue in those far-away times. In the midst of its popularity somebody discovered that its plot closely resembled that of George Sand's novel, *Lavinia*. Why it should not do so, I fail to see, but the howl of 'plagiary' resounded, and the Lyttons were much affected. The father of the poet, the great Bulwer himself, stoutly defended his son in terms that did not lack courage. 'Borrowing is a beauty,' said the author of *Pelham*, 'which can't be done too largely.'

This, I think, was a rash statement, but Robert Lytton almost immediately acted upon it in the preparation of a volume called *Serbski Pesme*, for which he was fiercely dragged over the coals of criticism. Bulwer was more prudent when he wrote, 'The sole condition of borrowing is to improve what you take.' Undoubtedly much caution as well as tact is required to justify these pretty loans, and for ordinary mortals the adventure is best left untried.

The really serious form of plagiarism, however, is the verbal, and for this there seems to be no valid excuse whatever. The indolence of an author tempts him to borrow a sentence or a phrase that may particularly suit him, but it is at best a very dangerous indulgence. Oddly enough, it is often the rich who show the greatest hardihood in robbery, like Coleridge, whose transferences from German philosophical writers have been the subject of severe animadversion. In this case, no doubt, inherent intellectual laziness explains the paradox that one who was pre-eminently wealthy should slip his fingers into the pockets of the poor. Coleridge, with his eagle vision piercing the mysteries of metaphysics, had no need to borrow from anyone, but the congenital indolence that weighed upon him, joined to the impotence of opium, tempted him to use words that happened to match with his meditation, and he fell.

Many years ago I was the amused victim of a queer case of plagiarism. A gentleman, long since dead, published, as old gentlemen will, his reminiscences. In the course of them he narrated an experience, which he said had happened to himself, but which agreed, word for word, with a whole page in an earlier book of mine. I was not aware of this until a correspondent pointed it out in the *Times*, and asked for an explanation. After some little delay, the autobiographer confessed that he had read my book, and that he must have copied the passage into a notebook when he was collecting his personal recollections. He said that in preparing his book for the press he must have overlooked the fact that the page in question did not belong to him. The excuse

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

[Lowe in the *Westminster Gazette*]

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was strange, but I have no doubt that it was given in good faith. The memory of elderly autobiographers does play them strange tricks.

It is remarkable how long sustained verbal plagiarism will remain undetected. We are left with the impression that nobody reads a book with any very clear recollection of any other book. How else are we to explain the fact that the romance of *John Inglesant* had been the favorite of thousands of readers for forty-five years before anyone discovered that it was largely 'beautified' with the feathers of seventeenth-century high-flyers? In such a case it cannot be pretended that the plagiary has injured anyone. As long as the thefts remained undetected, Shorthouse was justified by the pleasure his amalgam gave to an unsuspecting audience. When once the damning fact has been made public, some of the gilt is unquestionably off the gingerbread. But I think that *John Inglesant* may continue to be, if not exactly 'hot in the mouth,' an agreeable fruit-salad of piety and adventure.

But the classic instance of the unblushing verbal plagiary is Sterne, whose audacity in borrowing, or rather stealing, takes our breath away. But here again we meet with the curious circumstance that, among the thousands of readers, many of them hostile, who studied *Tristram Shandy*, it was a very long time before anyone noticed the author's depredations. It was not until thirty years after his death that his thefts were exposed.

In 1798 a Manchester physician, Dr. John Ferriar, published an amusing little book called *Illustrations of Sterne*, in which he pursued the criminal through folio upon folio. Dr. Ferriar had something of Burton in his disposition, and his knowledge of obscure mediæval literature was quite amazing. Wherever he gleaned it seemed to him that Sterne had been reaping before him, and his volume is a repertory of Sterne's thefts.

It has been remarked by those who have only heard of Ferriar's criticism that it is an attack on the guilty Tristram. It is not; Ferriar is indulgent to a fault, and apologizes to the shade of Sterne for pursuing him 'through miry ways of antic wit and quibbling mazes drear,' while he asserts that the figures of the two great novels 'fix' Sterne 'conspicuous on the shrine of glory.' But, with all his admiration, Ferriar 'unbolsters' the novelist of a strange mass of padding that is the property of other people.

Between 1757 and 1760, when Sterne had reached middle life and was beginning to think about authorship, there is evidence that he plunged into a course of severe and eccentric study. His time was divided between Hall-Stevenson's Crazy Castle and his own vicarage of Sutton-in-the-Forest. At each of these places he had access to a library stocked with the learned lumber of the Renaissance, together with such accredited works as those of Rabelais, Montaigne, and Burton. Every friend of Mr. Walter Shandy remembers how fond he was of Bouchet and Bruscambille and Béralde.

When Sterne improves on his original, there can be little room for censure. He has been specially blamed for stealing the Lady Baussière episode from Burton, and the case is, indeed, one of sheer highway robbery. Still it is impossible not to admit that Sterne tells Burton's story rather better than Burton told it. That Sterne, in the 'Fragment on Whiskers,' while stealing word for word a long piece from the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, should in the same breath gravely denounce the crime of plagiarism may leave us gasping, but after all, if you are a thief, it is best to be a bold one.

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THE AUTHOR OF 'ARABIA DESERTA'[1]

DOUGHTY AS MAN AND WRITER

CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY, whose death, in his eighty-third year, took place in January, was one of the great men of our day, the author of a unique prose masterpiece, as well as of many volumes of poetry that in some quarters are almost as highly esteemed. Wilfrid Blunt, whose own journeys in Arabia qualified him to pass judgment, was in the habit of declaring that he would rather have written *Travels in Arabia Deserta* than any other prose work of the nineteenth century. For many readers, here and in America, it is a book so majestic, so vital, of such incomparable beauty of thought, of observation, and of diction, as to occupy a place apart among their most cherished literary possessions — and this often after it has been begun with indulgence and continued with irritation, until, the magic of the style being felt and understood, the subsequent steps have brought nothing but absorbed enthusiasm and delight.

Doughty was born in August 1843, the second of the two sons of the Reverend Charles Montagu Doughty, of Theberton Hall, Suffolk, and Frederica, daughter of the Honorable and Reverend Frederick Hotham, prebendary of Rochester and rector of Dennington. His mother died when he was born, his father when he was five years old, and he was sent to school at Laleham and Elstree, passing the holidays at Woodbridge with an unsympathetic uncle, who was the guardian of the two boys. His much-loved brother, two years his senior, entered the navy, but left it and went to the Bar, where he practised until he married and settled on the family estate as a country squire, devoted to horses and dogs.

A stammer prevented Doughty from following his brother's first profession. He was rejected after a course at the naval school at Portsmouth, and was placed in the care of a tutor, with whom he made some tours in France. In 1861 he went up to Caius College, Cambridge. He was then, as all through life, shy and retiring, and, having but a limited sense of humor, was misunderstood by most of his fellow undergraduates, among whom he made few friends. He was invalided for a year, which he spent in Norway, and then came back to Caius, but finding it rather shut in, and disliking compulsory lectures, he migrated to Downing, where he was allowed more freedom, and delighted in the large shady garden. Among his companions were Henn Collins, afterward Lord Justice Collins, and Ray Lankester. Long afterward, one of his examiners, Dr. Bonney, said that it was because Doughty 'had such a disheveled mind' that he could not give him a first in the then recently established Natural Science Tripos. He was, however, devoted to science, and during numerous geological excursions in Suffolk and round Cambridge he made a large collection of fossils.

A distinguished member of the sister university, now adorning Cambridge,

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *January* 31

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has saucily declared that he finds it 'an asylum in every sense of the term.' The shy dreamer Doughty may have had similar feelings about the Cambridge of the early sixties. But when he went down it was with scholarly habits and inclinations which he fostered all his life. He spent a year at Oxford, reading in the Bodleian, and then he studied in Leyden and Louvain for a year and a half. After that he traveled in France, Spain, Greece (spending nine months in Athens), Algeria, and Tunis. He was also for several years in Italy before residing in Damascus and other parts of Syria, where he passed two or three years in the study of Arabic, and made expeditions through Palestine and in Egypt and the Sinai peninsula, leading up to his great adventure.

The wanderings in Arabia, which are described with such magnanimity and vividness in his marvelous book, were to a large extent involuntary. Desiring to make rubbings of some inscriptions at Medain Salih, a three weeks' march from Damascus, he got leave in November 1876 to attach himself to the Mekka pilgrimage, intending to rejoin it on its return journey. But hearing of other inscriptions at a distance from those he had rubbed, he allowed it to return without him; and not being master of his movements while he was dependent on the hospitality and the necessities or caprice of the Bedouins with whom he traveled or resided, he had to endure for a matter of nearly two years being tossed from desert camp to camp before he finally arrived at Jidda, and found safety and release.

In these travels, which included sojourns at Tema, Haïl, and other towns, he consistently proclaimed himself to be a Christian, and ran some extreme risks. But his dignity, his helplessness, and his transparent sincerity always gained him friends and defenders in his direst straits. Moreover, he practised medicine, and with simple remedies cured the sick and won their hearts. All but penniless, he often lived on the charity of wanderers nearly as indigent as himself. He thus got to know them, both the men and the womenfolk, with an intimacy that is utterly denied to the wealthy traveler, and that has probably been permitted to no other European. The notebooks in which he recorded their conversations, their customs, their virtues, and their defects, as well as the aspect of unknown Arabia, are now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Part of a folio copy of his favorite Chaucer was a great solace during those months of isolation. This and all the other contents of his camel-bags came home with him. That nothing was lost or stolen that was not sooner or later restored by his nomad hosts says much for their sense of what was due to a defenseless stranger in their midst.

It was in August 1878 that these perils ended. His health was broken, but, having rested and recruited somewhat, he set to work to compile the two thick volumes that came from the Cambridge University Press ten years later. During this time — September 1883 — he delivered an address before the Royal Geographical Society, which was received with indifference by a slender audience. And, with Renan's help, his *Documents Epigraphiques* were printed in 1884 in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum*.

While writing *Arabia Deserta* it is said that Doughty made a resolution to use no books that contained words that were not in Chaucer or Spenser. The work that he studied most assiduously was *Hakluyt's Voyages*. Hence the antique style, which has been a stumblingblock to many. Robertson Smith did his best to ease it, but Doughty was wisely adamant, and

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would have no correcting from outside. On the other hand, he rewrote voluminously in proof, and drove the press to despair. Laboring incessantly, he brought his work at last to a finish, having packed into it every single word that he had it in him to say. When, thirty-three years later, it was reprinted *in extenso*, he could only add or omit a comma. But the price was three guineas, at that day unheard of and prohibitive, and the sale was very slow. In spite of enthusiastic recognition here and there, — William Morris and Burne-Jones were ardent admirers, — it was not for another twenty years, when Edward Garnett edited an abridgment for the firm of Duckworth, that Doughty's fame began. It has since grown steadily, and editions of the complete work published by Jonathan Cape have found a ready sale, first at nine guineas, with an introduction by Colonel T. E. Lawrence, Doughty's greatest follower, and subsequently at the original price, at which it is now obtainable. The first edition can hardly be met with at any price.

There is no space in this article for a survey of Doughty's large poetical output. *The Dawn in Britain*, in six volumes, appeared in 1906, *Adam Cast Forth* in 1908, *The Cliffs* in 1909, *The Clouds* in 1912, *The Titans* in 1916, and *Mansoul, or the Riddle of the World* in 1920. On the writing and rewriting of this final book, which appeared in a revised form in 1923, its author spent the last nine years of his life. He set great store by it. It contains many passages of arresting beauty, but the use of Spenserian phraseology has limited its appeal.

In person Doughty was very tall, upright, stately, with thick, reddish hair and beard, and an expression of great nobility, like that of a prophet of old. His courtesy, humility, and gentleness were also of another age. He avoided company and publicity of any kind, but was gratified to receive doctorates from Oxford and Cambridge, to be made Honorary Fellow of Caius College, and honorary member of the British Academy. He lived for a while at Alassio and for many years at Eastbourne, where his health, undermined by his privations, was largely restored. About three years ago he moved to Sissinghurst, near Cranbrook, where he died. A week before the end his bed was moved to his study so that his eyes might rest on his beloved books. He married in 1886 Caroline Amelia, daughter of General Sir Montagu McMurdo, K.C.B., who, with the two daughters who have shared her devoted care of their father and have long preserved his life, survives him. Many times in Arabia he seemed about to lose it. To a fanatical assailant who shouted, 'Dreadest thou not to die?' he returned the brave answer, 'I have not so lived, Moslem, that I must fear to die.' Little did the weary man then think that he had nearly half a century of life before him.

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EL ALCALDE DE MÓSTOLES[1]

BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

In the year 1808 Napoleon was at the height of his renown. All Europe lay beneath his feet. England and Russia alone were still unconquered; but in due course he hoped to deal with them. Austria, Prussia, Holland, and Italy were provinces of France. Spain, which had for centuries been inaccessible to conquerors, had been beaten to her knees. His brother Joseph, known to the Spaniards by the name of Pepe Botellas, held his court in Madrid, surrounded by a few sycophants and renegades. All patriotism seemed dead. Murat and his Mamelukes kept down the city with an iron hand. Goya was taking notes of everything, crystallizing the odious tyranny of the French in his immortal *Horrors of War*, horrors that have never been surpassed, either in reality or paint.

The country, delivered over to the mercies of the invading troops, was seething with revolt, but wanted someone to stand out and lead. Only the partisan El Empecinado was in arms in Navarre and the Basque provinces. For all that, no Frenchman's life was worth ten minutes' purchase outside cantonments or the camp. The country people cut their throats like sheep with their long knives, and often threw their bodies into their wine vats to get rid of them. In after days, to say a wine had a French tang was long a jest among the peasantry. Still they went on, stabling their horses in the churches, violating nuns, and stealing priceless ornaments from the cathedrals and the monasteries. Spain stirred convulsively under the heel of the detested Gabacho, as the people liked to call the French. That which was to prove her strength, and had done so in ages past, was now her weakness, for the intensely local patriotism had formed each town and village into a community apart, slow to combine with one another. '*Mi tierra*' meant for them, not Spain, but every separate village and a few miles around.

At last the turbulent populace of Madrid, irritated past bearing by the Mamelukes, who represented to them, not the French only, but also their hereditary enemies, the Moors, rose in revolt. Armed with their knives alone, they fell upon the Mamelukes in a narrow street, stabbing their horses and butchering the riders when they fell. Two heroic officers of artillery, Velarde and Daoiz, opened fire with a piece of cannon on the French. Their heroism was wasted, — that is, if sacrifice is ever wasted, — and the revolt was crushed that very afternoon, in what Murat referred to as a 'bath of blood.' The two young officers were shot, and by their death secured their immortality in Spain. Madrid was stunned, but the news was soon carried to the neighboring little towns, by men escaping from the massacre.

Out on the Castilian steppes, fifteen or sixteen miles from Madrid, there lies a little town called Móstoles. It lies, almost as one might say, *à fleur d'eau* on the great brown plain. The highroad to Portugal passes down its long main

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *January 2*

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street. Even to-day it has but thirteen hundred citizens. In summer the houses, built of sun-dried bricks, covered with plaster, are calcined by the sun. The winter winds, sweeping down from La Sierra de Guadarrama, scourge it pitilessly. For nine months of the year dust covers everything, falling on man and beast, on the few moribund acacias in the plaza, turning all to the color of a rabbit's back. During the other three it is a slough of mud that wheel-borne traffic and the long strings of donkeys and mules straggle through painfully. Far off the Sierra of Guadalupe and the Gredos are just visible as faint blue lines hardly to be picked out from the clouds, except in certain states of atmosphere. In the short, fierce summer the mirage spreads illusory pools over the surface of the plain, and in the winter mornings, after a sharp frost, the woods along the foothills of the Guadarrama hang upside down upon the sky. Along the road are dotted many other little dusty towns, each with its little plaza and its great church, — big enough for larger congregations than it ever holds, — its apothecary's shop with leeches in a glass jar at the door and fly-blown patent medicines in the window, and its barber's shop, which serves as a news-exchange.

Upon the second of May of the year 1808 news filtered through to Móstoles that there had been a massacre in the capital. The seventeen kilometres of highroad could easily be covered on a good horse within two hours, and it is not to be supposed the rider spared the spur.

As it was written, one Andrés Torrejón happened to be Alcalde of the place. An honest countryman of six and sixty years of age, in all his life he had never had occasion to show what he was worth. What he was like to the outward visible eye is but a matter of conjecture. Most probably a square-built, round-faced Castilian farmer, his cheeks stubbly with a week's growth of beard, — the village barber shore but on a Sunday morning, — sparing of speech, yet full of sayings fitted to every accident of life; his dress, which has but little varied, even to-day, knee-breeches of dark cloth, his jacket short, showing a double-breasted flowered waistcoat of a sprigged pattern, his linen dazzlingly white, a black-silk handkerchief bound like a turban round his head, the whole surmounted by a hard-brimmed black-felt hat, kept in place underneath his chin by a broad band of silk. His interior grace, his honesty, tenacity of purpose, and his enthusiasm, slow to be excited, but, when once moved, as irresistible as a landslide after rain, he has left stamped upon Castile. It will endure as long as her vast plains wave green with corn in spring, turn leather-colored under the fierce sun of summer, and in the winter, when the keen frost burns up all vegetation, stretch out desolate, with but the withered stalks of thistles standing up ghostlike in the waste.

The nerves of all true patriots were on edge. Never since the days of the Saracens had the invader's foot trodden Castilian soil. The news of the last outrage brought all the people out into the plaza before the parish church of the Ascension — a mosque, tradition says, in the days Spanish peasants always refer to as 'the time of the Moors.' All over Spain the people's nerves were twitching, but yet the heavy hand of Murat had deprived them of all spirit of revolt.

It happened, luckily for Andrés Torrejón, that the ex-Secretary of the Admiralty under Charles IV, Juan Perez Vilamil, was living in the town, having refused to recognize King Joseph and his usurping court. Long did the Alcalde and Vilamil talk over

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what was the best course to pursue. Then, after praying in the church, the Alcalde called a meeting of his rustic senators. The people thronged outside the council-room — the very room in which to-day is set into the wall the tablet that commemorates what was resolved on that eventful afternoon in May. The peasant councilors sat round the council board, with their Alcalde in the chair. Perez and Gomez, Camacho, Lopez and Galván, all peasants, their hands furrowed with toil and weather, their shoulders rounded with the plough, their faces tanned to a deep brown by the hard climate of Castile, and their eyes twinkling deeply in their sockets, like the eyes of mariners, of Arabs, and of all those who pass their lives upon illimitable plains, scorched by the wind and sun, all waited for what 'Uncle Andrés' would say.

Rising with due deliberation from his seat, after having taken off his hat and placed it carefully beside him on the table, the Alcalde told of what had happened in Madrid. His actual words are not recorded, only the substance of his speech. As he spoke of the massacre, the shooting down of women and of children in the streets, the execution of the prisoners drawn up opposite a wall, and of the people who had died trampled beneath the horses of the Mameluke infidel, his hearers' hands stole to their sashes, and muttering, 'Death to the Gabacho,' they spat upon the floor. Sitting impassively like figures carved in walnut wood, the peasant council listened to their Alcalde as he told of how the country suffered under Napoleon's heel. Now and again one of them would assent in a half-grunt, and anyone who did not know them might have thought they were unmoved. As they sat with their heads a little sideways, their mouths half open, and their breath coming in short gusts that heaved their chests under their heavy rustic clothes, just as a barge heaves on a canal after a steamer passes, they seemed like animals about to spring upon their prey. The Alcalde recapitulated all their country's wrongs — the cuckold Charles IV a prisoner in France, the queen a harlot under the dominion of her lover of the day, the troops left without pay and led by officers who did not know their duty, and, most of all, the miserable French puppet king, lording it on the throne of Charles V. 'Spain wants a leader, someone to show the way, to gather up the scattered bands of guerrilleros, and above all a straight and downright declaration that the country is at war. No one has yet stepped out to lead us, although they slaughter us like flies, scorn us and spit on us — on us Castilians whose forefathers furnished the famous Spanish infantry that swept through France and Italy like fire. Who would think we were the heirs of those who fought at San Quentín?'

The people of the town pressed round the iron-grated windows of the council chamber, silent, but gazing on their rustic councilors, strung up with fury, cursing their impotence. At last the speaker, tightening up his sash, wiping the foam and moisture from his lips, took a long breath, and after looking round to Vilamil, who nodded at him, said: 'Friends and neighbors, I have served you faithfully for years. The time has come that I must now serve Spain. Therefore I, Andrés Torrejón, duly elected the Alcalde of this town of Móstoles, do declare war against the French.'

For a brief moment there was silence, silence so absolute that the breath of the people peering through the gratings of the windows sounded as loudly as when a horse upon a frosty morning pants up an incline. Then, rising to their feet, the conscript peasants surrounded the Alcalde, grasping him by the hand and shouting, 'War,

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war to the knife; death to the assassins of Madrid!' The people in the little plaza caught up the cry of 'War, war to the knife! Uncle Andrés has declared war upon the French!'

In the closing darkness of that night of May, Andrés Torrejón sat down and penned his memorable pronouncement, the first and last that he was fated to indite, but one that made his name immortal throughout the Spanish-speaking world. 'Our country is in peril; Madrid is perishing, the victim of the perfidy of the French. Spaniards, hasten to save her. May 2, 1808. El Alcalde de Móstoles.' Nothing could have been more simple and direct, with just the touch of the ridiculous that gives sublimity. His next act was to send the son of his old colleague on the council, Simon Hernandez, on a good horse to take his proclamation to the Alcaldes of the neighboring towns. At once he mounted, and, first reaching Navalcarnero, left the fiery cross. Alcorcón, Navalmorál, and Escalona all received the message, and all of them at once declared war on the French. The messenger crossed the Alberche and pushed on westward, riding without a stop across the plains all through that fateful night in May. In two days' riding he reached Badajoz, his horse still fresh, after having covered nearly two hundred miles. The city rose at once, and sent on word to Cáceres. Cáceres passed on the signal; and by the end of May all Spain had risen — not as an ordinary country rises in such circumstances, but town by town, village by village, each declared war upon the French.

The rest is history, the coming of the great 'Lor Vilanton' as he was called in the Spain of those days, with the English troops, and the long war of the Peninsula. The hour had struck, and from that moment Napoleon's star began to pale; Moscow completed that which Móstoles began, and when the French recrossed the swift Borysthenes, slaughtered like sheep by the pursuing Cossacks, their ruin — after God — they owed to the Alcalde of the little town, sun-dried and wind-scorched, in the Castilian plains.

LIFE AND THE CHILD[1]

BY HENRY POULAILLE

[THE following story from *Ames neuves*, a volume of tales by Henry Poulaille, reviewed in our issue for January 16, is reprinted by special arrangement with the publishers.]

THERE was once a poor woodcutter who bitterly lamented his lot in life. He lived deep in a forest, in a modest hut that was just large enough for himself, but that he had to share with his wife and his little son. He complained noisily and constantly about the injustice of his fate.

One time his little boy, who was eight years old, put an embarrassing question to him. The man was grumbling as usual about his unhappy des-

[1] From *Ames neuves*, by Henry Poulaille. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1925. 7 fr. 50 c.

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tiny: 'Oh, what a life! What a life!' His voice, as he uttered the word 'life,' was hoarse with anger and bitterness. 'What a life!'

The child asked him: —

'Tell me, what is life, papa?'

The man shrugged his shoulders.

'You'll find that out soon enough.'

'But what *is* life?' repeated the child, eager for a better explanation than this vague rejoinder.

'I can't explain it to you,' confessed his father. 'If you want to find out, ask the people who go by here. Perhaps they can tell you better than I ever could.'

That day the child went out of the cabin and waited at the roadside for someone to come along to whom he could put his question. The first person he saw was a forester, who was whistling a hunting-tune as he walked along. The little fellow stopped him.

'Monsieur! Do you know what life is?'

Somewhat taken aback, the man surveyed the child from head to foot. He wrinkled his nose, twirled his long moustaches, and finally said: 'Life? Why — it's you, it's me, it's you and me both — each of us alone, and everybody else. That's what life is.'

With this information the child ran back to find his father, and repeated what the forester had said to him. His father burst out laughing.

'That fellow is an idiot,' he declared.

The child made no answer, but he stored away in his memory the answer he had had from the first man he had questioned. The next day, early in the morning, he went out, and after having walked a long way came upon two young men on bicycles. He stood still in the middle of the little road they were following, and thus forced them to stop. Then he asked them his question, and both of them answered him.

'Life means enjoying the sense of the air upon your cheek, filling your lungs with it, reveling in the sunlight,' said the first. The second said: 'Life means looking around you, going great distances, and searching constantly for new things to reward your eyes with visions and your mind with memories.'

Then they remounted their wheels, and before the child could ask for longer explanations they had ridden off. He went back to his parents and repeated as well as he could the definitions that the two cyclists had given him.

'Those two young fellows have n't a care in the world,' declared his father. But the child did not fail to make a note in his little head of what he had heard them say.

The next day he set out again. This time he went for a still longer walk, a walk that took him beyond the edge of the forest. Here he came upon a sawmill where a few workmen were feeding great logs of wood to the steel teeth of a circular saw. The machine cut the wood into thin boards, and the men piled these in regular heaps. It looked like a game to the child, and he stared at it greedily. Finally one of the workmen observed him and asked: —

'What do you want, old fellow?'

The child, emboldened, did not have to be pressed. 'Tell me — do you know what life is?'

'Life is work,' said the man; and he added: '*Diable!* Are you bothering already at your age about such big problems?'

Without answering, the child ran off at once to give his father the new explanation of life that he had found. 'That workman is a numskull,' said his father. 'I could have told you a lie like that as easily as he did.'

But the child added the workman's answer to his collection. Every day he went out, and every day he felt his

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mind growing richer and richer; but his father continued to make fun of him and of everybody who answered him.

'Why do you go to so much useless trouble?' he asked. But the child did not grow weary of his search.

Once, when he had strayed beyond the forest, after having walked for a few minutes he came upon a field where a peasant was at work.

'What is life?' he asked, as usual.

The man of the soil answered by showing him a handful of earth.

'This is life. You scatter a few grains in the furrows you have ploughed, and with a little trouble and patience you harvest the wheat that they make bread with; or else you get fine sweet fruits, or the kind of flowers they use for decorating houses.'

'Oh, what a great thing life is, to be such a huge number of things all at once!' thought the child, astonished and delighted. Every day he continued to go out, and every day he asked someone to enlighten him on the subject that so much fascinated him. Once, not far from his home, he saw a man who was talking to himself aloud and writing in a little notebook. It was a poet who had come to the forest for inspiration.

'What is life, Monsieur?'

And the poet answered: 'Life is to commune with our surroundings; it is to be the tree sighing in the wind, or the spring murmuring among its pebbles. Life is also that little animal there whose name I don't know. It is also the flowers that perfume the air we breathe.'

'It is a very beautiful thing then, is n't it, Monsieur?'

'It is very beautiful,' answered the poet, stroking the lad's golden curls. 'He's a little poet,' he thought to himself. He would have liked to talk to the child for a long time; but the boy had already run off.

One day he came upon a mother rocking a sleeping baby in her arms. He went up to her and put his question.

'Life,' answered the woman, 'is this little chap sleeping in my arms. 'He will grow up to be a big, inquisitive boy like you. Later he will be a man. That's what life is.'

The child went on, impressing each of these answers upon his mind; and now he fell into the habit of repeating them to himself one after the other. He found he was getting in the way of looking at everything attentively. A bird flew up over his head. 'That's life,' he decided. As he lay and looked at the grass he said to himself, 'This is life.' The motes dancing in the sunbeams were life also.

One afternoon his mother took him off to the city on the train. On the station platform the child went up and spoke to an official.

'What is life, Monsieur?'

The official answered awkwardly: 'Life means departing into the unknown and coming back to what we have left.'

Then the train took the child off into the unknown. For an hour he watched with a sense of wonder the varied spectacle of the fields along the railway track and the hamlets at which the train stopped. Life, he thought, was also made up of these thousands of landscapes pictured in the frame of the carriage window. It meant the people who were going and coming, and the animals, the sky, the water, and the clouds.

They reached the city just at the time the schools were letting out. Groups of children were coming out of a large building with their lunch boxes on their backs and their slates under their arms. The street was uproarious with their shouts and laughter. After the gay troop had all filed out some ladies issued from the building. He went up to one of them.

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'Madame, what is life?'

The teacher smiled. 'It is learning, my little fellow.'

'Learning?' he repeated.

'Knowing everything. You keep on learning all the time. Nothing is uninteresting if you are eager for knowledge. You learn things everywhere. Knowing and loving — that is life.'

The child committed these words to his memory and pondered over them as they were returning home. He knew now what life was. It was himself and everything about him. It was his parents and other people, and everything, from the stones themselves to all that lay beyond the clouds. Oh, what a great thing life was! In the strength of this knowledge he tried to defend life against his father's hearty curses, but the man was too obstinate to do anything but shrug his shoulders.

'All that does you a lot of good!' he mocked.

After several fruitless attempts the boy gave up trying. Yet he thought to himself how unhappy his father made himself by not knowing how to look at life with his eyes open, because he did not seek to penetrate its power and beauty. The child memorized the hundred answers that he had gleaned from here and there — those of the simple wits, and those of the subtle and cultivated minds. All those definitions bore out one another. They could be summed up in the fervent love of everything: the feelings of men, the aspects of landscapes — all that was life. Oh, how fine it was and how great and good! Why did his father shut his eyes to it all? Why did he pay no attention to it? It should have been enough simply to look and to reflect.

Everything about us belongs to everybody: the sky, the earth, the water, the stars, the moon — everything. Simply to face life and be its master! From the day that he fully understood that, the boy felt himself entirely happy. If his father would only look at life more closely, he would n't dare to curse it.

Alas, he preferred to persist in his anger. The child felt this as a great grief. The little thatched hut was, no doubt, a bit crowded. It had not changed at all, but there was the sky above it and the whole earth about it — was n't it big enough to make room for the joy of living, for happiness?

Oh, how much that poor man was to be pitied for not knowing what life was as well as his child did! He could easily have known what happiness was, for it would have been happiness simply to know that everything was about him, to be strong in that conviction, to be delighted with life by looking it in the face.

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MAN

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*New Statesman*]

THE feathers in a fan
are not so frail as man;
the green-embossèd leaf
than man is no more brief.
His life is not so loud
as the passing of a cloud;
his death is quieter
than harebells, when they stir.
The years that have no form
and substance are as warm,
and space has hardly less
supreme an emptiness.
And yet man being frail
does on himself prevail,
and with a single thought
can bring the world to naught,
as being brief he still
bends to his fleeting will
all time, and makes of it
the shadow of his wit.
Soundless in life and death
although he vanisheth,
the echo of a song
makes all the stars a gong.
Cold, void, and yet the grim
darkness is hot with him,
and space is but the span
of the long love of man.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE NOVEL IN BELGIUM AND BULGARIA

Not long ago we reported the remarks of M. Pierre Goemaere to a representative of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* on the subject of the Belgian novel. The editor of the *Revue Belge* complained that his compatriots seem incapable of the kind of artistic detachment, the kind of impersonality in approach, that are indispensable to the writing of genuine novels, and that their works of fiction are really lyrical or descriptive poems on a large scale — and in prose. To this deficiency M. Goemaere attributed the relative popularity of the French novel in Belgium, and the relative indifference there to the home product.

On the ground of fact — since our first-hand knowledge of Belgian fiction is meagre — M. Goemaere's word must be taken as final. When it comes to accounting for such a situation, however, one man's views are as good as another's, and we venture to suggest a reason for the lyricism of the Belgian novel that this critic did not mention, and perhaps did not consider. It is that of all literary forms the novel demands as its background the most highly evolved social and national organization, the maturest and clearest consciousness of social and national integrity, and even of linguistic autonomy. Anyone who remembers that the first French novels themselves were written in the days of Louis XIV, and that the first English novels — using the word in an even more exact sense — were written in the middle of the eighteenth century, will realize what are some of the conditions for the emergence of the genre.

Goethe complained, less than a century ago, in a conversation with Eckermann, that no one in Germany could write as Sir Walter Scott had written in *The Fair Maid of Perth;* that so much objectivity, realism, versatile vigor in characterization, and dramatic detachment were not at the command of any German writer. Since Goethe's time — and to no slight extent as a result of his work — Germany has become united culturally as well as politically, and who shall say, in the generation of Thomas Mann and Gerhart Hauptmann, that she has had no great novelists? Americans themselves may reflect that practically all their great writers before the Civil War were poets, essayists, writers of fantastic tales, rather than novelists. If Hawthorne seems an exception, his work may actually be the best proof of the contention.

The point need not be labored in connection with Belgium — a country without linguistic independence or integrity, and with a confused, incoherent, sketchy national history; a country that distinctly has its eighteenth century ahead of it. It would be amazing if the competition with French novels were not as disastrous as M. Goemaere reports it to be!

A similar literary situation prevails in Bulgaria, it appears from an article in the *Revue Mondiale* by H. Ollivier. Bulgarian national history is itself a matter of but a few generations, and no literary movement of any kind ap-

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peared until the seventies of the last century — appearing then, as we might expect, in the figure of a lyric poet, Christo Botev. This writer died on the battlefield too young to give more than a promise of what was in him, but he left enough work to serve as the basis for a national literary school. All his followers have been poets, even to the present day, and most of them have come very completely under the influence of the French symbolists. 'Not that the Bulgarian poets have merely imitated their French predecessors,' says M. Ollivier, 'for their poetry has been intensely Bulgarian in content and color; but its form has been inspired by foreign poetry.' A poet of great talent who was cut off by the war, Dimtcho Debelianov, acknowledged as his masters such men as Verlaine, Baudelaire, and Mallarmé.

This dependence on a great foreign literature is of course one mark of a nascent literary tradition, and if we needed another in order to put Bulgarian writing in its place we should have it in M. Ollivier's statement that 'the Bulgarian novel does not exist.' Naturally not! The Bulgars have not reached the point of cultural complexity and cultural integrity at which a literature can expect a Madame de La Fayette or a Fielding. M. Ollivier, to be sure, is inclined to lay this poverty in novelists to fundamental racial qualities: 'Essentially a poet and a dreamer, the Bulgar is incapable of the sustained logical task of constructing a novel.' No doubt there is something in this diagnosis; yet most races, from the Finns to the Portuguese, from the Celts to the Chinese, have at one time or another been labeled 'poets and dreamers.' The chances are that the Bulgars are not so incorrigibly visionary that they cannot produce good novelists, as the Irish and the Danes have done, when the time is ripe for them. The Bulgarian Zola may even now be attending kindergarten in Sofia; and the Meredith of Belgium is probably going through his first love affair.

✻

FRANZ LEHAR ON JAZZ

STILL another good word for jazz comes from the pen of Franz Lehar, the composer of *The Merry Widow* and — most recently — *Paganini*. Writing in the *Neue Freie Presse*, Herr Lehar says: 'Every musical creation of one people may have a stimulating and fruitful effect on the music of other peoples. The gypsy music of Hungary is a sufficient proof of this. After being for centuries outlawed from serious consideration, and scorned by professional music critics, it was at last utilized in a variety of ways by Liszt and Brahms, — to name only the greatest figures, — and is to-day fully recognized; its rhythms have been adapted by Johann Strauss with the happiest results. I cannot see, therefore, why the melodies and harmonies of jazz — strange as they sound to our ears now — should be forever excluded from the concept "music."

'In London I have heard Negro songs of so strangely melancholy a charm that I have been profoundly moved. They were like the sounds of nature itself, outcries of a soul in despair, notes of mother-love or homesickness so genuine, so penetrating, that one could not turn a deaf ear to them. Must we deny that this is music, simply because its inventors were born with black skins? Yet if Shakespeare could make a Negro the chief figure in one of his plays, why should we regard it as improper for Richard Strauss to introduce a couple of measures of Negro music into an opera?

'Even the dance rhythms of jazz

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seem to me to deserve a word of defense. They are too natural, too obvious and convincing, ever to disappear entirely from our music once they have been made at home in it. We have only two legs, and for that reason we have to move almost entirely in two-four time. At any rate, it is the easiest time in which to dance, and the best suited for sustained dancing — a point not to be scorned in a period when the age-limit for dancing is being extended upward so dizzily.

'Of course the transposition of jazz rhythms into our own music presupposes a feeling for style, a solid taste, and great cultural restraint. But given these things, there is no serious reason to object to enriching our powers of musical expression by adaptations of jazz.

'This sort of addition to our store of musical forms will certainly not mean the abandonment of our own indigenous songs and dances. I don't think there is any danger that in fifty years nothing but Negro songs will be sung in Vienna. And I think there is just as little danger that the waltz-step — which is musically more valuable — will ever become archaic. The waltz-form, in spite of Johann Strauss, is not yet exhausted. The present generation and its successors will write many charming waltzes, and the waltz will be danced in Vienna as long as there are Viennese orchestras.'

✽

THE ETRUSCAN LANGUAGE

ITALIAN scholars have been set agog latterly by the alleged discovery — the work of a Milanese architect — of a clue to that long-standing philological riddle, the Etruscan language. The method of deciphering Etruscan inscriptions worked out by Antonio Cavallazzi is too elaborate to be described here in detail, but briefly it is based on the principle of regarding groups of letters, not as single words, but as abbreviated composite or agglomerate words, — that is, a series of abbreviations written in sequence, — and of reconstructing the full vocables on the basis of archaic Greek.

'Signor Cavallazzi,' says Professor Mario Ferrigni in the *Corriere della Sera*, 'set himself to translating about a hundred Etruscan inscriptions with this "cipher," and with the support of a Greek vocabulary found for them all a grammatical and logical construction; a precise and plausible meaning, entirely new and quite different from that hitherto attributed to them, on the basis of imaginary hypotheses, by Italian and foreign scholars; and, finally, — a detail of the greatest importance, — a meaning in harmony with the objects on which the inscriptions are found — mirrors, cups, cinerary urns, and the like.'

Professor Ferrigni is inclined to regard the discovery as in all likelihood a valid one. Professor Giulio Buonamici, of the University of Pisa, on the other hand, considers the new method equally illusory with all those 'discovered' from the sixteenth century to the present day. He holds that the groups of letters on Etruscan inscriptions are proper names, and denies that the alleged affiliations between Etruscan and archaic Greek are scientifically substantiated.

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THE YEAR OF THE TIGER

THE year 1926, according to the *Seoul Press*, is indicated on the Japanese lunar calendar as the year of the Tiger. Every twelfth year is so designated, the other eleven years in the series being dedicated to the Rat, the Ox, the Hare, the Dragon, the Serpent, the Horse, the Sheep, the Monkey, the Chicken, the Dog, and the Bear. Each of these years

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is regarded in Japan as having much the same sort of deterministic properties as the several months have according to many Western superstitions. The year of the Tiger, for instance, is regarded as a good year in which to set out upon a journey, for a safe return is confidently predictable — on the basis, it appears, of the fact that the tiger itself never fails to get back to its lair.

✽

VERDI BALLET-MUSIC

THE recent observance in Italy of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Verdi's death gives special interest to the following communication from Vienna to the *Observer:* —

At a symphony concert for workmen the ballet music of Verdi's opera, *Othello*, was performed in Vienna for the first time. The music, which is said to be unknown also in Germany, was written by the more than seventy-year-old composer for the Paris grand opera, and is contained only in the French score of that work. It seems almost incredible that a man at that age should have had the temperament and power of invention shown in those brilliant and exotic dances. The opening Arabian dance, the invocation of Allah, a Greek dance, and a war dance are most original, not only in thematic material, but also in orchestration. This remarkable piece, finely conducted by Robert Heger, was encored.

✽

SAVING A GREAT MANSION

THE Villa Aldobrandini, one of the historic mansions of Rome and one of its most beautiful buildings, was recently sold by the Prince Aldobrandini into the hands of a syndicate, and there was a justifiable fear that it would be turned into a hotel. Appeals to the Government were made by various art associations and others, and as a result a decree has been signed by the King authorizing acquisition of the building and its grounds by the State. This step has been regarded as particularly judicious because the work that had been begun on the demolition of the gardens had led to the discovery of important ancient ruins in the subsoil. These are thought to include, not only a large house, but baths and shops of second-century construction. At all events, the preservation of the building as a national monument, and the scientific excavation of the buildings buried under the villa proper, are now assured.

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BIOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS

THE *Spectator* has recently been conducting a competition for a prize of five pounds to be awarded to the author of the best 'Biography for Beginners,' as its editors call a certain type of four-line humorous poem. The form lends itself peculiarly well to nonsense, if we are to judge from some of the samples printed: —

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

The philosophic Schopenhauer,
A man of penetrating mental power,
Found nothing in life's phenomena
But 'Parerga and Paralipomena.'

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

Tully
Contrived to sully
In more than one oration
Catiline's reputation.

MR. J. C. SQUIRE

Mr. J. C. Squire
Watched the Moon rising higher.
'This is interesting, but slow,' he confessed,
And retired to rest.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Saint Francis of Assisi
Was incapable of taking things easy.
This is one of the advances
We have made upon Saint Francis.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Money-Box, by Robert Lynd. London: Methuen. 6*s*.

[*Sunday Times*]

CHRISTOPHER SLY, importuned with luxuries, brushed them aside and demanded a pot o' the smallest ale. Even so a reader, harassed with problem novels and treaties on the currency or relativity, might call for a few of Mr. Lynd's essays. For in this new collection Mr. Lynd is even less profound than usual. We encounter no dimensions more serious than those that are taken when we are measured for a suit of clothes, and nothing graver about money than how to extract it from a money-box, or how to avoid lending it to other people. Mr. Lynd himself is such a born spender that he exhorts us all to travel first-class, if the state of our money-box permits of it.

This is one of the glimpses he gives us, with the essayist's legitimate egoism, of his own personality. Others can be discerned in the pleasant papers called 'The Professor' and 'The Stranger's Room.' In the former we get a vivid portrait of Sir Samuel Dill, the Irish scholar and historian, whose orbit in Belfast is crossed by a certain eager and impulsive student. In the latter we have earlier passages in Mr. Lynd's youth, when his father's house was the resort of other Presbyterian ministers, to whose good and forcible talk the child listened with ears alert to catch their every word.

A Chinese Mirror, by Florence Ayscough. London: Jonathan Cape; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

BOOKS on China fall into two main classes — learned works, and travelers' impressions. The former seldom reach the general reader; the latter are usually soon forgotten because of their superficiality. Mrs. Ayscough, a serious student of things Chinese, who has lived in China all her life, has attempted to present something of 'the reality behind the appearance.' It is a praiseworthy aim, because the solid works of the scholars are apt to leave out that part of the reality which only contact with Chinese life and actual observation can give. Her first essay, describing the building of her house by Chinese workmen in native style, with all the native rites, is quite charming and admirably succeeds in its aim. Each item of the process of building opens up a vista into that vast complexity of custom, legend, superstition and sound reason, sentiment, and keen sense of beauty that make up this immensely old, yet so living, civilization. The second essay, describing a voyage up and down the Yangtze, pleasantly mingles with impressions of scenery the countless associations of the river's shores with Chinese history and poetry. To the ordinary European these mean nothing, and intending travelers might well take this book with them, to learn how much they might miss.

We feel that Mrs. Ayscough sometimes takes too much for granted in the reader, especially in the latter part of her book, which contains serious contributions to Chinese folklore. She has wisely added a brief synopsis of Chinese history, which is really useful. Versions of poems by famous poets are interspersed through the pages. Mrs. Ayscough has the gift of sympathy, and works in a good cause — the better understanding of our fellow creatures.

Banzai! by John Paris. London: W. Collins, Sons and Company. 7*s*. 6*d*.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

MR. JOHN PARIS is well known for his books on Japan, but in his latest story he plunges us into the byways and quagmires of Japanese psychology in the setting of a cinema in Piccadilly Circus. Here we meet Takao Ono, living at present in a back room of Peckham, where he poses as a Japanese prince. Takao, almost from the first moment, dominates the story, and little by little his boyhood in Kyoto and Tokyo unfolds itself in London with all the relish and gusto of vivid memory. For the story is no mere tour de force, and the Japanese atmosphere is not arrived at by any tricks of light and costume and stage-management. Takao is as living a representative of the East, in his way, as Kim or Gora, and one gets to know him almost as one gets to know the respective heroes of Kipling and Tagore. For all that, he is so essentially elusive that the English couple, who have learned so much about his past, are not a little perturbed about his future. Naturally it is the wife who plans something practical for their protégé, who, incidentally, had long ago 'become a Christian in order to improve his English.' Against the long evidence of his own life-story they contrive to believe, at least partially, in this vital rascal,

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only to find that Ono has cleared out with their artistic treasures. But in spite of everything they, and the reader too, would like to see him again just for his own sake. Perhaps Mr. Paris will bring him back?

New Verse, by Robert Bridges. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 6*s*.

[*Morning Post*]

THE poet laureate's new verse-book, which contains the harvesting of 1921 with a few earlier pieces, is packed with experiments in 'Neo-Miltonic syllabics,' in accentual measures, and in a somewhat amended form of William Stone's quantitative prosody. It is absurd to be angry with experimentalists, be they young or old, and to raise against them the cry of 'Bolshevism,' that modern equivalent of the mediæval word *Vauderie*. But for them all new poetry would be merely an appreciation of the old, English verse would run to seed in artificiality and sentimentalism, and it would be left to other nations to catch and crystallize that new beauty which is the aura of new-found truth. At the same time it is the duty of the critic to say when the experimentalist has failed, and we are bound to condemn even the essays in Neo-Miltonic versification, —

my well-continued fanciful experiment,
wherein so many strange verses amalgamate
on the secure bed-rock of Milton's prosody, —

despite the versifier's dexterity and the occasional profound thought or noble phrase; and when we ask, patient and expectant, for the bread of life and get a William Stone — then, O tuneful Nine, we should be tempted into blasphemy were it not for wondering who it was that could be described as 'a rank musk-idiot, the filthiest skunk,' fit to justify the use by Catullus of his most horrible vocabulary. But, if there be any need of forgiveness, all is forgiven when we reach Part III, which is 'all in recognizable old styles.' There we find, for example, a tribute to Emily Brontë that is worthy of that undaunted daughter of desires: —

What was 't to thee, enamour'd
As a red rose of the sun,
If of thy myriad lovers
Thou never sawest one?

Nor if of all thy lovers
That are and were to be
None ever had their vision,
O belovèd, of thee,

Until thy silent glory
Went forth from earth alone,
Where like a star thou gleamest
From thine immortal throne.

In all this verse there is the known sincerity, the known warmth and fragrance and lucidity — and the known lack of concentration that, except in rare and ecstatic moments, prevents him from making out of many roses his attar of roses. 'The Great Elm,' with its vision of the fabled Elm of Acheron, —

Which once Æneas look'd upon —
As Vergil witnesseth —
Whose leafage the last refuge was
And haven of mortal dreams,
That clustering clung thereto because
They might not pass the streams, —

and of the 'seraphic other half-self,' is surely one of his great philosophic poems. He can be humorous — as in his presentation of Saint Peter, who is met in the Outer Courtyard of Heaven and says to him: 'You won't get further than this': —

'You need n't be bashed or mortified,
nor fancy you 're laid on the shelf;
things ain't as they used to be inside;
I don't go in much myself.'

They had just taken in a batch of those French poets! . . . Let us rejoice over the vitality of our veteran singers and masters, who remain poets, as the Greek tragedians did, long after the seventieth year!

BOOKS MENTIONED

DOUGHTY, CHARLES M. *Arabia Deserta.* New York: Boni and Liveright. $17.50.

KAROLYI, COUNT MICHAEL. *Fighting the World.* New York: Albert and Charles Boni, 1925. $6.00.

POULAILLE, HENRY. *Ames neuves.* Paris: Bernard Grasset. 7 fr. 50 c.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Sailor's Return, by David Garnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $2.00.

Books like this make one suspect that Mencken and Colonel George Harvey are both mistaken in their opinion that England has collapsed. In short, Mr. Garnett has done it again — more successfully perhaps than ever before. His formula is the same — a preposterous situation treated seriously and logically: a trick, by the way, that a recent contributor to the *Living Age* also descried in Charlie Chaplin. The situation this time deals with an English sailor of the late fifties returning to England with his wife, who is a Negro princess, and their small child. They open a pub on the Negress's money and try to adapt themselves to their strange surroundings. The sailor, William Targett, is real flesh and blood; his wife, Tulip, is purely fantastic but entirely convincing. The story is told with almost archaic simplicity and studied detachment. It runs along in an unbroken stream — a continuous narrative of steady, intense interest, successively humorous, ironic, and sympathetic. It is a work of art, but is in no sense arty; original, but in no sense smarty.

Courts and Countries after the War, by H. R. H. the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1925. $3.00.

The author of this book is an aunt of the King of Spain — on his father's side. She has, therefore, Hapsburg blood in her veins, and this presumably accounts for her ardent espousal of the royalist cause in every modern nation. Her propaganda, if such it may be called, consists of intimate yet vague allusions to various European celebrities. She shows nice sense and nice feelings in defending her own nephew, the superbly adequate king of the best nation in the world, though as a character-sketch these pages are, one suspects, nearly worthless. The two most interesting passages in the book are the defense of the Crown Prince of Germany and the eulogy of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The only idea that one encounters is that Sir Basil Zaharoff and Venizelos are 'the accredited agents of the unseen force which dominates modern Europe.' This force is nothing more or less than our old friends the Masons, who are said to have every king except Albert of Belgium and Alfonso of Spain under their thumbs. Since the Infanta is herself a Catholic, and in the light of the latest Papal Encyclical, this sounds like six of one and half a dozen of the other. The good Infanta will never take her place with Spengler and Bergson as one of the great minds of the century, but she furnishes as rare gossip as you will meet in any general store.

Romantic Episodes in Old Manila, by Percy Hill. Manila: Walter Robb, 1925. $1.00.

This little volume contains eight short stories' half fiction, half history, which are based upon records turned up by the author in his searchings among the old Manila archives. They picture the life of the romantic days of the old Spanish capital in the Orient, when communication with the mother country was still confined to the Acapulco galleon, the long trail across Mexico, and a second sea-voyage from Vera Cruz to Cadiz. It is an interesting story that, like the story of the Spanish Missions in California, is the more fascinating because it is the prelude to a chapter in the history of our own civilization. An excellent little book for the world tourist whose journeyings will take him or her to the Philippines.

Toute la France, by Émile Saillens. Paris: Bibliothèque Larousse, 1925.

If not the kind of book to be recommended for reading in bed, this volume by M. Saillens can be heartily recommended for very constant use in reference, and indeed for a certain sort of informative reading. It is as full of information as an egg of meat. The author has given an account, which can have few omissions, of the physical, economic, social, political, and cultural life of modern France, beginning with a chapter on 'The Soil' and ending with chapters on 'The French Genius' — as expressed in literature and the arts — and 'France and the Rest of the World.' What comes between is as varied and encyclopædic as this would indicate, and, since it is very accurately documented, the utility of the book should not need to be emphasized.

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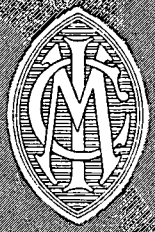

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